New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LIX - NO. 1506 SATURDAY - 23 JANUARY 1960 NINEPENCE

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The African Year

THERE are three conflicting bodies of opinion on the Central African Federation. In Northern Rhodesia and still more in Nyasaland, the great majority of Africans fear any form of association with Southern Rhodesia and would like to opt out of federation immediately. Their leaders are thinking in terms of a self-governing African federation – perhaps including the purely African state of Tanganyika – and until this becomes feasible, they would like the 'protection' of the British government to be retained. As against this, the ruling white minority insists not only that the Federation remain intact but that its last constitutional links with Britain be severed immediately. They can point with foreboding to the case of Kenya where, under the aegis of the Colonial Office, the principle of white supremacy has now been virtually abandoned; for, despite the technical difficulties which have disturbed the opening of the constitutional conference this week, it is only a matter of time before the Kenya Africans assume power.

Between these two extremes stands the British government. Mr Macmillan is a strong supporter of federation. He believes the economic arguments in its favour are overwhelming, and he probably persuades himself that, in the course of time, an acceptable multi-racial society will be created. He certainly fears violence and a settler drive towards *apartheid*. This was why he was so anxious to exclude alternatives to federation from the tetrms of reference of the Monckton Commission. But at the same time he is committed by the terms of the 1953 statute to ensure that African opinion endorses federation before the links with Britain are finally broken. His remarks at Lagos, repeated in Salisbury, are no new departure; they represent what has always been the policy of the government. At the same time, by choosing this moment to make them, he showed that he is opposed to giving the Federation early dominion status.

Mr Macmillan is therefore conducting, with much devious skill, a holding operation. Unfortunately, as his African trip has doubtless brought home to him, the Federation's affairs can no longer be judged in isolation. The African continent is rapidly assuming a political unity which is creating a new dynamic of change, irrespective of local factors. During the course of this year, a series of political steps will be taken in Africa which, cumulatively, amount to a revolution. This month, France surrendered her trusteeship over the Cameroons and conceded the principle of independence to the vast Mali Federation. Mauretania is expected to get its independence in February, Dahomey in March and Togoland in April. British Somaliland will get its first elected African majority in February and the old Italian colony of Somaliland will get outright independence in July. By September, decisive constitutional changes, amounting to the award of self-government to the African majorities, will have taken place in the Belgian Congo and Tanganyika; the last phase of Sierra Leone independence will have been decided; and, even in Bechuanaland, the principle of a popularly-elected legislature will have been conceded. Finally, on 1 October, Nigeria will become independent.

In short, by the end of this year, a majority of the continent's inhabitants will be self-governing or independent. And it is at this point, in November, that a conference in London will assemble to decide the Federation's future. Inevitably, its discussions will be overshadowed by the background of continental change. As things are moving, it seems certain that, within a few years, the areas of white dominion will be confined to a few fearful and isolated enclaves. Is the Federation – or, more probably, Southern Rhodesia – to be one of them? Or can an attempt still be made in this area to set up a genuine multi-racial state? The second alternative is the only tolerable one. But to carry it through will require from Mr Macmillan positive statesmanship of a high order, and a degree of ruthlessness which so far has been confined to the settler camp.

Comments on the Week's News

The Cyprus Breakdown

The real issue which has caused the suspension of the Cyprus conference and the postponement of the declaration of independence is the character of British administration within the military bases rather than the size of the bases themselves. Archbishop Makarios is prepared to see a military administration inside the actual bases, but not to contemplate a British civil administration of the whole base area. One can understand the Cypriot point of view, particularly when it is always likely that General Grivas will denounce any agreement which appears to limit Cypriot sovereignty. Nor have the negotiations been free from those stupid irritations which so often bedevilled discussions on Cyprus in the past. At the very moment when the conference opened, the *Government of Cyprus Gazette* was announcing that land was to be acquired for the bases. Considering that this was the subject of the conference in London, the Archbishop's anger can be appreciated, and his withdrawal from the conference would have been a possibility. There are still officials in Nicosia prepared to take advantage of Sir Hugh Foot's absence, and their activities can hardly be said to assist agreement. If the British government really wants to get the Cyprus question settled, it will have to insist that all those concerned with the problem are clearly instructed that a fair settlement is the object.

Massu on the Mat

The recall of General Massu from Algiers to answer to President de Gaulle for his public indiscretions is a measure of the deterioration in the Algerian situation. De Gaulle's position *vis à vis* the army and the 'ultras' has in fact worsened so much that he can no longer avoid a showdown. Moreover the mere disciplining of General Massu will not solve the problem, for Massu undoubtedly represents the views of the majority of the army. These may be summed up as follows: the de Gaulle policy is unworkable; we cannot fight a war against Algerian rebels in order to ensure Algerian self-determination at the end of it; the army will never leave Algeria, and, if de Gaulle cannot understand that, he must go. That is the challenge before de Gaulle as he faces, on Friday of this week, the decisive meeting of ministers and commanders responsible for Algeria. As we go to press, it is believed in Paris that de Gaulle's inclination is to buy time by demanding a year's presidential rule without parliament, in which he would stake everything on achieving a solution in Algeria. He is also thought to be contemplating further restrictions on the press in the interests of his 'secret diplomacy'. Whether all this will be announced this weekend must depend on what the military commanders say to de Gaulle on Friday; but there is no reason to suppose that, whatever their reservations, they will not welcome further protection from parliament and the press. Monsieur Pinay has played an odd game in this. It is difficult to believe that the principal motive for his resignation was not the desire to detach himself from responsibility for the crisis between de Gaulle and the army which he well knew was impending. Whether he seriously sees himself as a possible successor, should de Gaulle fall over the failure of his Algerian solution, remains to be seen. In any case, despite the slump in de Gaulle's popularity and authority, it is too early to talk of ultimate failure, and there is no possibility of a presidential vacancy as yet.

The Two Faces of Krushchev

Mr Krushchev's speech on disarmament to the Supreme Soviet merits very careful attention. On the one hand it contains an emphatic and specific reaffirmation of the doctrine of peaceful co-existence: 'The dispute between the two systems can and must be settled by peaceful means. It is impermissible to decide questions at issue between states by armed force. The struggle of world outlooks, the struggle for the minds and hearts of men . . . should be decided not by armed force but by the power of conviction, by good example. By taking a decision to reduce our armed forces once again, we are setting a good example in harmony with humanity's finest ideals'. On the other hand, Mr Kruschev emphatically and specifically endorses the ruthless logic of the arms race, contradicting himself in the process: 'We are no misers and we shall not go chasing the roubles at the risk of exposing the life of our people and the very existence of our country to danger. It is not out of economic or budgetary weakness but out of strength and power that we are choosing to cut our armed forces'. Manned aircraft would gradually be scrapped in favour of rockets; in the navy, surface ships would yield to (rocket-carrying) submarines; the army was being 'regeared to rocket and nuclear weapons'. In addition, Russia now was on the point of possessing a new weapon. In short, Krushchev was admitting what western intelligence sources have known for some time: that since 1955, Russia has carried out fundamental changes in her defence policy similar in principle to those made in Britain by Mr Sandys in 1957. The latest cuts merely carry the process a stage further.

Bad News for Norstad

Nevertheless, the Krushchev speech should certainly cause some re-thinking in the West. Mr Sandys, it will be remembered, was forced to yield on two crucial points: the RAF lobby persuaded the Cabinet to invest in a 'new generation' of manned bombers (camouflaged as a 'replacement' for the Canberra, but in reality a replacement for the V-bomber), and Nato forced Sandys to reduce his cuts in Rhine Army. Since then, however, the US has virtually stopped work on its replacement, the B 70 'Valkyrie', and it is now official Soviet doctrine that the manned bomber is 'obsolete equipment'. In the light of this, it is difficult to believe that the new British bomber will ever go into production. Equally, the Krushchev speech makes nonsense of General Norstad's assertions that Nato is seriously under strength in Central Europe. Russia at present has 29 divisions (including East German forces) facing Nato (this could be increased to 80 by D-day plus 30); Norstad has 16 (28 by D-day plus 30). Soviet armed forces will now be reduced to 2,423,000 — roughly equal to those of the US — and this will entail very heavy cuts in the East German garrison. The time is coming, in fact, when Norstad's forces will be equal, or even superior, to those facing him. This should allow Britain to carry out her full cuts in Rhine Army, or even withdraw it altogether; it will certainly strengthen the demand of the US Treasury for the withdrawal of two divisions from Europe. Most important of all, it supplies a new and convincing reason for calling a halt to the rearmament of Germany, which, by the mid-Sixties, will at this rate possess the largest army in Europe.

The American Reaction

The American budget does not show that any of these lessons have been learnt. In the past there has been over-reliance on a spurious superiority in nuclear weapons. Now this decision of the President to increase total armaments expenditure, and to devote the whole of the budget surplus to debt reduction, shows that the American administration has not yet come round to a clear view of the Soviet economic threat. And Mr Nixon's underhand attack on the President's policy shows that this trend towards increased expenditure on armaments will be maintained. Yet American economic progress has slowed down considerably and the present recovery still leaves its rate of increase at only a third of Russia's. The demobilisation in Russia will give Mr Krushchev further resources for his manoeuvres in underdeveloped countries. If, for instance, President Nasser accepts the Soviet offer to finance the second stage of the Aswan dam, the Soviet commitment will represent far more than half of the total Egyptian cotton production. At what stage does a country's debt and trading obligation pass the point of no return politically?

Wages on the Railway

The possibility still remains that the unofficial strike which the London members of the National Union of Railwaymen have planned for 1 February will be abandoned. They would be well-advised to call it off, especially now that the union leaders have asked to meet Sir Brian Robertson to discuss an immediate wage-increase. Much as one sympathises with the railwaymen's case, a strike now would serve more to antagonise the public rather than win support; and public support in the coming struggle over wages will be very necessary to the railwaymen. The present situation is that an independent committee has been inquiring into the wages of 400,000 railway workers since October 1958 and is due to report in April. The Transport Commission has promised to back-date any increase it proposes to 11 January. A main source of bitterness among workers is that while the inquiry has proceeded no wage increases have been granted, although workers in nearly every other industry have had a raise in pay over the same period. The new union claim, however, is surely one the BTC must meet. It is impossible to believe that the April report will do other than recommend an increase. To anticipate its findings by two months would have the effect of averting the imminent strike in London and diminishing the feeling in the provinces. Clearly it is in the interests of the BTC and the government to help the union leadership. At the moment the best course for the railway workers is not to strike, but instead to follow the advice of their *Railway Review* and organise marches and demonstrations and conduct a leaflet campaign among passengers.

Federation in Danger

THE visit of Norman Manley, Premier of Jamaica, to London last week is an indication of the serious threat to the existence of Federation in the West Indies. Mr Manley, the principal architect of federation four years ago, visited this country to ask two questions. First, whether the present loose association, scarcely recognisable as a federation, would be accepted as a national entity capable of independence within the Commonwealth; secondly, whether, in the event of a complete breakdown of federation, Jamaica itself would be eligible for independence. Mr Manley left no doubt that, when the constitutional conference reassembles in two months' time, he will stand on the ultimatum that either Jamaican terms are accepted or she will leave the Federation. The Premier has radically altered his mind over the past four years, as a result of his experience of industrial development in his own island under a high tariff policy linked with taxation incentives, and of the growing fear that a customs union and federal taxation would handicap such development. The federal Prime Minister, Sir Grantley Adams, together with his new ally, Mr Eric Williams of Trinidad, take the opposite line and are advocating stronger federal powers. At present there seems little hope of accommodation, and, if the Jamaican demands for increased representation in the Federal Assembly, together with weaker federal powers, are not accepted, the likelihood is that an attempt will be made to link the eastern islands with Trinidad and Barbados on the one hand, and form a separate unit based on Jamaica, on the other. This would certainly defeat the central purpose of a single West Indian federal nation.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Question and Answer

An all-but-unnoticed development in American politics is that the public opinion polls have been going underground. Of the three or four major enterprises that for years took the people's pulse regularly and presented its weekly fever-charts in the press, only Dr Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion still syndicates its findings. Dozens of new-comers have entered the question-and-answer business, but they are for private hire by candidates and parties. While the investment in newspaper and magazine polls is what it was ten years ago – an estimated $300,000 in an election year – these private pollsters are expected to take in something like two million dollars before the current campaign is over. Working in a less exposed position than the conventional pollsters, who have been on a kind of probation ever since the Truman election, the private operatives give every promise of adding to election-year complexities. On the basis of their confidential reports a client decides to run or not to run, picks the issues he will concentrate on, and even revises his 'personality image'.

The private poll is especially suited for taking state and regional soundings. Potential senators and governors are among the regular customers, Nelson Rockefeller alone having had some 130 surveys made in his quest for the governorship of New York. Senatorial candidates from Maine to Hawaii have used the services of these new survey firms, which not only give a client percentage figures showing how he stands with the voters, but advise him on how to improve his standing. While political aspirants have always worked hard at keeping an ear to the ground, there is something a little chilling about reducing the practice to a science.

For presidential hopefuls the cost of polling is a forbidding factor. At $6,000 or so per state, it is hardly feasible to have the country privately polled in advance of declaring oneself a candidate, but key states can be sampled. Rockefeller shocked reporters last spring by suggesting that he would decide whether to run for president on the basis of how he was doing in the polls. Although he retracted that indiscretion, there is little doubt that the reports of his private pollsters were a factor in his finally abandoning the Republican field to Mr Nixon. Senator Kennedy is another poll adict, and a survey showing considerable sentiment for Hubert Humphrey in Wisconsin has divided the Kennedy camp on the advisability of Kennedy's entering that state's Democratic primary election in April. Nixon is now beyond the need of any poll except the formal one required under the Constitution, but until recently he too had his private surveyor taking scientific samples here and there in the country. And there was even talk a few months ago that some of the less prosperous Democratic hopefuls might get together on a jointly financed poll, just to see how the winds were blowing.

Unlike the published poll, the private variety is not open to the charge that it may effect the outcome of an election by creating a 'bandwagon psychology', or building up sympathy for an underdog, or discouraging a good voter turnout. But it clearly raises questions of its own: Should a candidate be encouraged to try only a sure thing, instead of taking his chances on persuading the electorate? Should a campaigner take only pretested stands on issues, with a built-in guarantee of a safe audience reaction? Should 'personalities' be altered on the basis of this sort of marketing research? Happily, before these questions become acute there will be enough losers among the clients of the private polls to have established their fallibility, and we will be spared once more the consequences of carry technique to an absurdity.

ROBERT BENDINER

Rangoon

Fair and Free

A Special Correspondent writes: The general election is only a couple of weeks away, and it promises to be the most unpredictable election since independence. General Ne Win, whom parliament voted into the premiership to lead a caretaker government, has disbanded the pocket armies and declared that government personnel, including specially the armed forces, must keep strictly neutral in the election; and it is thus going to be a fair and free fight to which neither the voters nor the politicians are accustomed.

U Nu has been reaping spectacular victories in the municipal elections; to take an outstanding example, in Moulmein where his rival, U Ba Swe, was supposed to have a big following and where he dared to make the elections the test of his own popularity. The local elections, however, are not altogether indicative of the popular mood for the parliamentary elections where rural votes are preponderant; still, the victories have certainly given U Nu's 'Clean' faction an effective tonic. U Nu seems to owe his success so far to many factors. His attractive personality is a great asset, and his face will smile at the voters from the ballot boxes of all clean candidates on polling day, 6 February. He is a devout Buddhist and in his long term of office he had built himself up as a protector of the religion. This, in a country where 85 per cent. of the voters are Buddhist, is a big vote-getter. U Nu has also declared that, if he wins office again, he will take steps to make Buddhism the state religion, while perpetuating freedom of worship. Though it is difficult to see what that promise can mean in practice, it has certainly got the majority of the voteless, but highly influential, Buddhist monks on to his side. Added to all this, is the popular image of U Nu as the grossly wronged and deeply suffering man who would preach love and forgiveness to all.

The 'Stable' faction under U Ba Swe, who boast better brains, such as that of U Kyaw Nyein, and better organisation, have suffered from tactical errors. At one time the lower leadership, if not the top echelon, of the faction tried to identify itself with the army, telling people that U Nu was actually ousted by the army, and that there was some special understanding between them and the army. When General Ne Win made it clear that there was none and that the people would be completely free to elect the government of their choice, the army's prestige was enhanced, while popular reaction swung against the Stables. Yet the Stables keep on hoping. U Ba Swe has been saying that, rather like the British, his faction may lose the battles but will win the war. He is placing full reliance on the rural votes and has promised that he will capture 165 out of the 250 seats in the Chamber of Deputies. He is also trying, rather late in the day to dissociate the Stables, in the eyes of the voters, from the army; and he has been driven to say that, if he becomes premier, he will not retain any soldier in the civilian departments but will 'send them back to the barracks'. Even U Nu would not go so far: he would only say that when the time came he would consult General Ne Win.

The elections promise to be the keenest in the country's history. Independents and small new parties and relics of old parties are fighting in every constituency; and for Rangoon's nine seats some 56 candidates have entered the lists, including the leaders of the Cleans and the Stables.

Whoever wins, General Ne Win and the army stand to gain in prestige and influence. In the 16 months of office, they have cleaned up the cities, restored law and order so effectively that the roads and railways are now open through the country night and day. Even more important, they have tried to establish high standards of straight and efficient government under the law. Some of the methods used have been drastic, and some individual officers have suffered from the usual human failings, but the standards they have tried to set will remain as a spur and a test for many a government to come.

The Commanding Heights

Mr Morgan Phillips is under instructions to report next Wednesday to the National Executive of the Labour Party on the history and implications of the party's constitution, and in particular of the clause which envisages the public ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Thus, behind closed doors and, in the first instance, without rank-and-file participation, a decisive battle will be joined for the soul of the Labour Party. It would be wrong to criticise those who feel that everything about the Labour Party — including its constitution and its leadership—should be called in question after its unparalleled run of electoral failure. If the Tories are ever to be turned out of office, short of an economic slump, Labour must learn to present itself as a forward-looking, scientific-minded party, fit to lead the nation into the 21st century and not merely to audit the books of the Twenties and Thirties.

It is against this background that an influential demand has been expressed by some of Mr Gaitskell's most intimate advisers that public ownership—at least in any form involving effective public control—should be abandoned by the Labour Party. They base themselves apparently on the political proposition that public ownership is electorally unpopular and on an economic analysis of the present situation of Britain by Mr Anthony Crosland. According to Mr Crosland, capitalism has changed since before the war so much and so fundamentally as to obviate any successful demand for further fundamental changes. Full employment has been achieved, and significant lapses from it seem unlikely. This has changed the basic balance of power between capital and labour, strengthened the bargaining power of the trade unions and led to a situation in which wages lead rather than lag behind the increase in productivity. There is, accordingly, a steadily increasing prosperity, the stability of which is more or less assured. Mr Crosland in fact was not content merely to accept that the Conservative government's promise to double the national income at current prices in 25 years could be kept; he has also argued that this was an adequate rate of progress.

Those who reason like Mr Crosland must remember that most Socialists hold the moral arugments for a non-acquisitive society to be more potent than the economic ones. But Crosland's analysis is not altogether convincing even in economic terms. The rate of increase in British domestic output since he published his conclusions in 1956 has been far less than was necessary to hit the target he accepted. Even the current recovery – which already threatens stability and is itself threatened by dear money both abroad and at home – leaves us short of the requirement. And even if the figure of 2½ per cent is achieved over a period, we shall be woefully deficient when measured against the dynamism of West Germany and the USSR. It ill behoves the enemies of the British working class movement to rail against the trade unions because strikes and wage demands lead to rising prices, and at the same time to accept the acquisitive pattern of prosperity which itself leads to these demands.

What then are the purely economic arguments for public ownership? They seem to us to be six:

(1) It can provide the basis of stable and rapid growth. A balanced investment programme can be planned, into which private investment can be fitted by direct rather than monetary controls.

(2) It can take into account the indirect effects of investment. A vivid example of what is involved in this is provided by our chaotic transport system. The unplanned pouring-out of cars on to roads unfitted to receive them has already caused a huge social cost in terms of medical services, police and the general cost of transportation to the community.

(3) It can achieve, according to plan, both reserve capacity and increased technological research. On the latter score, a number of industries have recently come under severe criticism; e.g., machine tools and ship-building. Some form of public enterprise seems to be essential in dealing with this deficiency, and with it close integration in government-sponsored research over fields other than defence. This ties in with the problem of reserve capacity. The steel and chemical industries have twice in recent years caused an unwarranted interruption of expansion on account of particular shortages and the unforeseen need to increase imports. Yet it is scarcely fair to blame privately owned industries for this: for them, excess capacity against a contingency is a nett loss, whereas for the nation it is a valuable insurance.

(4) It can provide the resources for communal consumption expenditure, which at the moment can be amassed only by increasing taxation. This is at least as unpopular as public ownership, if not more so.

(5) It can serve to check those cumulative speculative booms, which are at present the bane of our economic policy and against which dear money has been increasingly and disastrously invoked.

(6) By leading towards a less unequal distribution of income, it can reduce the need for punitive taxation. At the moment nationalised industries are governed by the pattern of incomes paid in private industry: the reverse would be more healthy. Capital gains contribute to the discrepancy and are a potent cause of instability. Only a juster distribution of the increases in national income can bring about the increase in confidence that is needed to ensure stabilisation and growth.

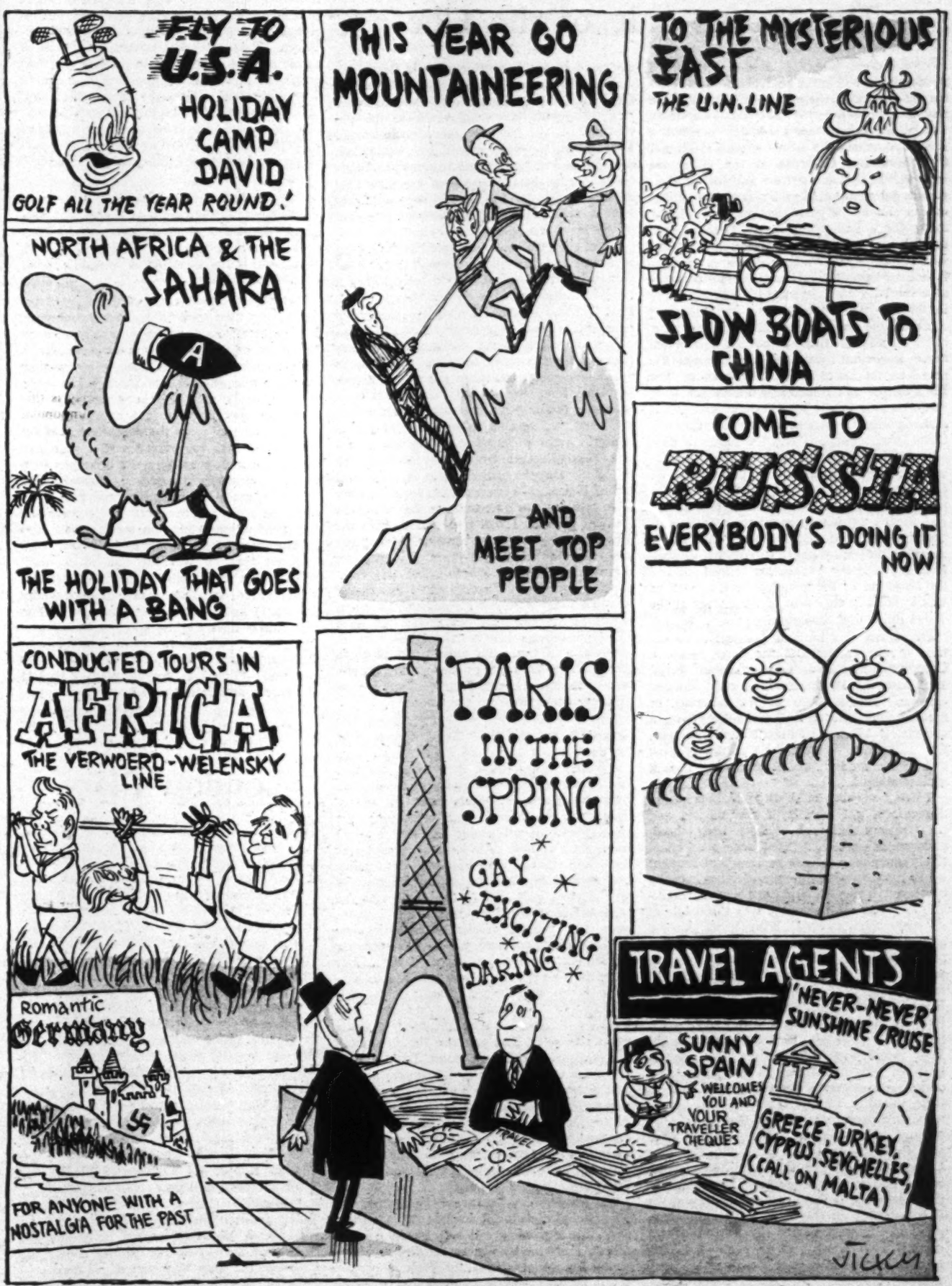
In strict logic, of course, these purely economic arguments do not prove the case for public ownership—still less for the Morrisonian monsters which combine total public ownership with minimum public control. Some of the objectives enumerated could be achieved by drastic government action without ownership; and in any case it is the physical problem of control which is of the essence, rather than the metaphysical concept of ownership. It has always been clear that a government can, if it is tough enough to face the music, control private enterprise in a negative way. The Ford Motor Company, for example, can be forbidden to expand against the public interest in the Midlands: it cannot be compelled to develop in the public interest, but perhaps against the direct interests of its shareholders, on Clydeside. (The sole exception to this general rule, as Mr Sandys has recently demonstrated, is the aircraft industry, which even in private ownership is wholly dependent on government support. It has always been open to any Minister of Aircraft Production to impose positive direction on this industry, or on any component part of it, simply by withholding the public money on which it lives.) How then, without public ownership, is positive control to be gained over what Mr Bevan has called the commanding heights of the economy?

No doubt the Labour Party could go to the country advocating a reform of company law so as to permit directors to abuse the direct interests of their shareholders in what the government held to be the public interest. Or it could seek power to appoint, without any transfer of ownership, a majority of directors in any concern which it held to constitute a commanding height. Or, by import and raw material controls, it could create sufficient artificial shortages at nodal points in the economy to enforce control. But do those who would like to eliminate public ownership from the Labour Party canon really believe that such expedients would be more effective or less unpopular than simply recognising that full-scale control is naturally equated with ownership? And does the experience of forcing controls on a recalcitrant free-enterprise economy between 1945 and 1950 bear them out? Are they encouraged by the reception accorded to the apologetic and somewhat deceptive plan for public ownership without control which was offered as the centre piece of Labour economic policy at the last election? The truth surely is that 'nationalisation' has become unpopular because most of the leaders of the Labour Party have not tried to expound with vigour and conviction its economic purpose. Moreover, the existing pattern of nationalisation, under which a publicly-owned industry is largely free from government direction and is required to make a book-profit out of its trading operations is a bureaucratic distortion of an economic need.

The Labour Party would be foolish in its self-criticism to cling to any of its ancient dogmas purely as shibboleths. The problem concerns real industries and tangible assets – steel, chemicals, machine-tools, water, land – the products and services upon which the essentials of our economic life are based. Public ownership will not always be the solution to all the problems of control; and both the need for it, and its form in particular cases, must be expounded and justified to the electorate. But surely it is clear that, where the Labour Party can convincingly identify a feature of the economic landscape as a commanding height, it is up to the opponents of public ownership to prove that they can establish the necessary economic direction as positively, as simply, as effectively and with less controversy by other means.

It is ironical that the climax of the rethinkers' campaign to wean the Labour Party from 'old-fashioned' doctrines has come at the very moment when public ownership in Russia has been shown to be an exceedingly successful and flexible system, which has led to economic progress, measured in conventional terms, about three times as fast as the progress in most western countries. To abandon it now, at the behest of self-seeking propaganda from a monied community gorged with capital gains, would be a tragedy on practical as well as moral grounds.

The Labour Party should be devoting its brains and energies not to scholiastic exercises in constitution-drafting, but to considering how the industries already nationalised can be made to serve the nation effectively, and, above all, to a down-to-earth study of the deficiencies of a Tory economic system even in good times. With respect to Mr Crosland, the most significant feature of the last nine years has been not that we have avoided a slump, but that we have re-created from its war-time dissolution the class stratification of society and that we have lagged so far behind the more virile powers in the race for technological achievement.



'Thanks, but I think I'll stay at home this year — I want to get away from it all.'

The Wrong Side of the Elbe

Is the present outbreak of anti-Semitism a symptom of a Fascist revival in West Germany? Obviously the place where most of the answer is to be found is the Federal Republic. But before going there I decided to spend a few days across the Iron Curtain. After all, the 18 million Germans of the DDR are individually just as German and just as dangerous potential anti-Semites as the 55 million on our side of the partition line. So I decided, to go for a few days' stay in Dresden, and on the way back to check my impressions with the authorities in East Berlin. Next week I shall be spending in Dusseldorf, a comparable West German city, and then checking my inquiries in Bonn.

'Of course we have swastika smearers here, but we deal with them drastically and, much more important, we have transformed the social conditions in which they flourish.' The Lord Mayor of Dresden was not exaggerating when he said this to me. The purge of Nazis and, equally important, the 'ex-doctrination' from Fascist ideology and the indoctrination with Communist ideology have been executed with ruthless efficiency. My bag is full of Dresden schoolbooks, which I hope to compare in detail with those used in Dusseldorf. But already a preliminary glance at these textbooks of modern history shows that all of them devote many pages to copious illustrations exposing the persecution of the Jews and the atrocities of the gas chambers, as well as to a systematic exposure of the crimes of the Third Reich and the causes of them.

Of course, this kind of political re-education can be carried out far more easily in Communist than in democratic schools. From all I saw, the DDR combines old-fashioned German *Gründlichkeit* in the teaching of mathematics, science and technology with a completely Marxist treatment of the humanities. If Nazism is portrayed as the greatest evil of the modern world, capitalism runs it a close second.

I had a number of lively and often heated discussions, not only with the officials and the teachers, but with students and schoolchildren as well. They have been most effectively inoculated against Fascism and brought up to treat Jews and people of other races as brothers. In the kindergartens it was delightful, for example, to see the way the coloured children were treated. With these positive attitudes is combined a hatred of the Bonn regime which is inculcated from the earliest years. Since I last visited Dresden in the summer of 1957, however, the attitude to Bonn has changed. The fear and the inferiority complex which I then noted – the feeling, for example, that everything in the West Berlin shop windows must be superior to what they could buy in the East – has entirely disappeared. These boys and girls, in their superbly equipped schools and academies, are supremely certain that the future belongs to the Soviet Union and her allies and that among those allies the Deutsche Demokratische Republik, though the smallest, is one of the most important. They told me there is only one thing that could prevent the East catching up the West in peaceful competition – a war started by the Adenauer regime. That is why, at all costs, the West German army must not be provided with nuclear weapons. For the anti-Semitic incidents of the last month were deliberately planned as the prelude to a war deliberately provoked by the Fascist generals in Bonn.

At first I thought all this was sheer propaganda, which only the schoolchildren believed. But talks with Hermann Mattern, the old Communist who runs the party machine, and Dieckmann, the president of the Volkskammer, made me realise that responsible politicians in East Berlin now hold the view that Adenauer, Strauss and Speidel may well provoke a war rather than permit an agreement on Berlin at the Summit.

What they said was reinforced in the course of a fascinating morning I spent with Major General Hoffmann, who once commanded a brigade in Spain and is now in charge of the East German forces. I began by asking him whether the decision to have volunteer instead of conscript forces was dictated by military considerations, similar to those which made the British government dispense with National Service. 'No,' he replied, 'conscription is militarily preferable. Our reasons were political. First, we wanted to save money and a conscript army is bound to be big and expensive. Secondly, we wanted to construct the model of what the armed forces of a peaceful united Germany will ultimately look like. We have reduced our forces from the originally planned total of 120,000 to 92,000, with the officers serving ten years, the NCO's four years and the other ranks two years. Just, because it is so small, we are able to select only completely reliable anti-Fascists and I can assure you that today we haven't a single Wehrmacht officer in the whole of our forces. We have 32,000 ex-officers here in the DDR, but, in contrast with the other side, none of them receives any kind of pension; and, though many are staunch anti-Fascists, they are on principle excluded from the forces.'

I then switched the subject to Bonn and remarked that the East German picture of the Bundeswehr as run by Fascists seemed to me grossly exaggerated, in view of the fact that a special committee, with many staunch democrats on it, had been given the job of rigorously scrutinising and controlling the appointment of all senior officers. 'I don't deny that a number of individual officers over there are staunch anti-Fascists,' he replied, 'but objectively all of them are accomplices in a Fascist plot, and I can send you the names of at least 100 key men in the Bundeswehr, each with a dossier of atrocities and war crimes. Over here we have completely eliminated the Fascists from power. Over there the Fascists are in control. That is why there is no anti-Fascist education in their schools or indoctrination against anti-semitism. Maybe you are right, Mr Crossman, when you assert that you and the Americans can stop any trouble in Bonn. But we have not much confidence in that when we look at past history or when we see how a combination of Nazis and reactionary nationalists now sit in so many key positions in Bonn. We have admired Mr Macmillan's policy a great deal ever since he went to Moscow. Will you not work with us to stamp out this growth of Fascism on the other side?'

On leaving the Defence Ministry (an old office building with not a single sentry outside and with a pleasant old lady in the porter's office), I motored down to see the reception centre for refugees from the West. There are seven such centres now along the partition line, and this one in East Berlin is the smallest of them. Moreover, it was explained to me that this centre deals only with workers and peasants, since the *Intelligenz* – the professional class – are specially catered for elsewhere. When a worker arrives, he clocks in at the police headquarters in the city and then comes to the reception centre for a stay of not more than a fortnight while his credentials are examined and a job and accommodation is found. In 1959 over 4,000 passed through it, 60 per cent of them easterners returning disillusioned from the West, and 40 per cent newcomers.

For an hour I walked round the rooms, questioning the inmates, and was not surprised to find that their attitude and their answers were almost exactly the same as what I had seen in the West Berlin reception centre on previous visits.

After all, the main cause of the mass movement from East to West had been economic, not political; and, naturally enough, when the DDR begins to progress economically, a counter movement takes place. Here was an engineer who did not like Saarbrücken when it ceased to be part of France and so lost its social services. Here were a couple of coalminers, escaping from the coal surplus in the Ruhr. And here were three women who had failed to get flats in West Berlin when they were converted to democracy, and who had all been promised splendid new flats as a result of their reconversion to Communism. But what interested me on this occasion was a young man sitting sulkily in the corner, who told me that he was the son of a small businessman in Hamburg. He had taken his higher school certificate but had done badly and could find a job only in the docks. The boy sitting next to him gave a nudge and whispered: 'Tell him the truth, you fool'. At this the young man raised his dark eyes and said: 'You see, they thought I looked like a Jew, and that is why I am here.'

R. H. S. Crossman

London Diary

Surely it was quite silly to try to ban Mbiyu Koinange as an adviser to the African members of the Kenya delegation. He stands in their eyes as the most experienced Kikuyu leader, with long contacts with Africa's friends in Britain. They were bound to consult him anyway. He is the son of Chief Koinange, who is much respected by the Kikuyu and was once acquitted on a charge of political murder; now ill and over 90, he still lives under police restrictions. Mbiyu Koinange is, of course, a Kikuyu nationalist, one of the founders of the KAU and always determined to win the White Highlands for the Kikuyu. He was largely responsible for starting the African schools that terrified the settlers. I have never believed that he played any active part in Mau-Mau, nor do I see how he could have done. Neither he nor Kenyatta can have willed the savage and reactionary violence of Mau-Mau, if only because they wanted a modern Kenya, not a return to the rule of witch doctors. Kenyatta could be blamed for not bravely trying to check the movement which grew so fast and so horribly beyond his control. Koinange cannot be accused of that, since he was in this country during the whole of the Mau-Mau period. If the European attitude is that they cannot treat with revolutionary African nationalism, then they cannot treat with Africans at all.

I hope Mr Marples, along with all the other ideas he has for increasing road safety, will support the provision in Mr Graham Page's bill proposing compulsory tests for drunkenness among motorists. The House will scarcely support blood tests on the Scandinavian pattern, but the New York 'drinkometer' seems an excellent substitute. The apparatus has a balloon into which the driver charged with being drunk breathes: a vial containing potassium permanganate and sulphuric acid changes in colour from deep purple to pale yellow if he is drunk. He is held to be drunk if his breath contains .15 per cent, or over, of alcohol. I'm told that five pints of beer or three single whiskies will make up this percentage, which is far more drink than many people can take without their judgment being impaired just that critical degree necessary to cause accidents. Since the drunkometer has been used in New York, convictions for drunken driving have increased from 30 to 85 per cent . . . A motorist can always refuse to take the test, but if he does he loses his licence. No doubt some people will object that these tests are an interference with the liberty of the subject, as they will to the idea of 'on-the-spot' fines or 'tickets' for parking offences. The other objections to these last is that they transfer functions from the judiciary to the executive. This criticism is heard in the US. There they also have a 'points' system for traffic offences. Careless driving will mark you down two points. When your aggregate reaches three points you receive a warning letter from the licensing authorities: at eight points you have to show cause why your licence should not be confiscated. I wonder what motorists here will think of a scheme operating in the District of Columbia where, at five points, you must attend a seminar on driving problems under the chairmanship of expert officials? I suspect they would think it disturbed their *amour propre*. But motorists even more than other people have to understand the line between liberty and licence.

* * *

Can it be seriously held that a Labour member of the LCC may not publicly criticise a decision of his party? Even when the Bevanite row was evoking fevers of discipline in the parliamentary party, it was always understood that members could speak or write, though not vote, freely on policy. But now Mrs Freda Corbet, on behalf of the policy committee of the London Labour Party, has told Mr Hugh Jenkins that he acted 'improperly' because in a newspaper he advocated something which the party opposed; he must never do such a thing again! Surely this is the kind of thing Hugh Gaitskell had in mind when, at Blackpool, he suggested that the behaviour of some local Labour Party groups was helping to make Labour's image unattractive. No doubt the emphasis that such groups put on discipline stems from the days when trade unionists and members of the Labour party were a tiny minority with little hope of achieving anything unless they clung rigidly together. Even when Labour at last achieved control of the LCC in the early Thirties, continued discipline seemed understandable; anyway, it was made easily acceptable because Herbert Morrison had the knack of making people feel that they were choosing for themselves, when in fact he was jollying them along to do what he wanted. Today, Herbert's clothes hang rather baggily on the amiable Sir Isaac Hayward; and the spectacle of Mrs Corbet, as Chief Whip, scurrying round with pins to take up the folds is not inspiring. I hope that the London Labour Party will look at itself again. It badly needs a New Look.

* * *

Last week I was present at an unusual celebration. We were there to drink to the health, so to speak, of the Colombo Plan whose three thousandth 'trainee' had just arrived in this country. Colombo trainees are, of course, not students in the usual sense. The three thousandth, for instance, is a practising doctor from Burma who has come here for special training in ophthalmology. Medicine is one of the most popular subjects for Colombo trainees; the majority specialise in some branch of science or technology. A number are becoming accountants—an expertise badly needed in newly independent countries; a few are studying economics or international relations. The variety of subjects is very wide indeed. The Colombo Plan is, I should say, the most satisfactory of all forms of co-operation between western and South-east Asian countries. Britain and Australia are training countries; India and Japan both offer opportunities for training and also send out trainees. Burma, Thailand, Indonesia all use the services of the other countries to increase their technical competence. There are no strings, and, as far as I can discover, no feelings of patronage or dependence.

* * *

Having recently belaboured British railways for delays in the delivery of this journal, I am all the more pleased to report that last Thursday evening the Dispatch Manager of one main line station in London was so worried about the non-appearance of the NS supply that he rang up to find out what had happened. Next morning many readers throughout the country must have been asking the same question of their long-suffering news agents. The cause of this serious delay was a sudden and total breakdown of the printing press shortly after it had started to run. For the next 30 hours heroic souls faced the sort of emergency that one associates only with war-time. Type and reels of paper in furniture vans were transported across 40 miles of ice-bound roads to another press which was prepared almost literally at a moment's notice. No apologies are offered to anyone, and those who got the paper out by working all through Thursday night should all be given medals. I wonder how many readers were worried by our front page losing its red headings and the paper being held together by only one, instead of two stitches? One bookstall manager tells us that a purchaser came back to complain that she had an imperfect copy. He said that the NS was economising by having only one stitch. She went away apparently satisfied. It was all right as long as we meant it.

* * *

I must confess that in nearly 30 years writing editorials and this diary, I have seldom known what advertisements were going to appear in our columns, and I have been pretty slack about noticing them after the paper has been printed. But I no longer suffer from an old illusion that the ideal paper would carry no advertisements. Without them all newspapers would be a great deal duller than they are. If you doubt me, look at the bare handful of journals—there are a few more on the continent than in Britain—which still manage to scrape along more or less without advertisements. Visually their merit exists only in the eyes of those puritans who believe that serious reading should be a penance. With these thoughts in mind, the NS has decided to offer an award each year to the advertisement which, we think, has contributed most to the general gaiety and visual attraction of the paper. This year V. S. Pritchett has selected the winner, and in next week's NS his choice – and his comments – will be announced.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Of 134 entrants to a Church training college for teachers, 35 were unaware of the significance of Whit Sunday (and 19 of these were confirmed members of the Church of England); 23 were unaware that Jesus was born at Bethlehem; and 12 that Good Friday was the commemoration of his crucifixion.—*Times*. (C. H. M. Wilcox.)

'My wife and I knew nothing of the facts of life when we were married.

And we were too shy to turn to our friends or anyone else for advice.

We often wondered why our friends didn't have as many babies as we did, but we never dared to ask them.

Looking back I must say that although we love our kids very much we wish we had asked.'—*Sunday Pictorial*. (R. D. Hollowell.)

I think the time has come when ITV comperes should be told to dress more appropriately in the evenings. Most of them seem to have bought their suits "off the peg" or to have slept in them.

It ought to be a condition of engagement that from 6.30 onwards they should be suitably dressed, in full or semi evening dress—man's most dignified attire.—Letter in *TV Times*. (J. M. Collins.)

'Frankly,' said Lady Reynolds, who spent many years in India, 'I don't like life without a subject race.'—*News Chronicle*, (D. Gallop).

Trouble Down-under

In Melbourne, that Saturday afternoon, about 14 people, probably unable to speak English yet, waved placards I couldn't read and booed us. Later, about 4,000 people gave us a cheer. This, our friends have told us since, was reported in London as a bad reception in Melbourne. I must be too modest a man to form any idea of what a London editor regards as a good reception.

The occasion was the opening of the 'Australian and New Zealand Congress for International Co-operation and Disarmament, and Festival of the Arts'. We had accepted an invitation to be its guests – though actually we paid our own way after the first week in Melbourne – some months before, partly because we had already arranged to be out of England during the whole autumn. The list of national sponsors was very impressive indeed. I am not fond of congresses and conferences, and steadily refuse a fair number of invitations to attend them; but there seemed no harm in this one, and it offered us a good excuse to take a first look at Australia.

But a week or so before we were due to fly from New York to Sydney, the trouble began. Mr Casey, we were told, had denounced the Congress as being inspired and organised by

Communists. The Australian press was attacking it. We received warning letters. Distinguished sponsors, led by Professor Sir Marcus Oliphant FRS, were making haste to disentangle themselves from the red monster. But off we went – for after all we could always walk out if there was nothing in Melbourne but the old Communist hocus-pocus – and arrived to find ourselves in the middle of a grand shindy, most of which I rather enjoyed.

Fortunately, I had a number of TV and radio programmes – *Meet The Press*, and that kind of thing – as well as many nuclear disarmament meetings, very successful meetings too, and these enabled me to talk directly to people, freed from the barrier of the newspapers. For the Australian press, with a few honourable exceptions, combines malicious editorship with downright bad reporting to an astonishing degree. Even when the newspapermen are trying to be fair, something seems to happen to their shorthand. Every morning and evening I appeared in their pages, talking like an imbecile. So, when I said I wouldn't give West Germany 'a popgun', I was reported as saying I wouldn't give it 'a pot plant'. If Australian newspaper readers who never heard me on TV or radio think I am out of my mind, I cannot blame them.

But the elaborate smear interviews and paragraphs in Sydney were nobody's mistake, but just the boys obeying orders. As soon as I refused to appear on a TV programme run by a managing editor, his papers hurried out with the dirt, behaving as stupidly and crudely as he had talked. If the Australian playwright, Ray Lawler, whose new play, *The Piccadilly Bushman* is a disappointment after his *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, needs a subject, I will give him one, and add some notes for scenes: it will be the tragedy of a fundamentally decent journalist who, with a wife and children to support, finds himself on a Sydney newspaper, a hack taking orders from bullies and oafs.

However, in spite of the newspapers, the warnings from Canberra, the vanishing sponsors, the professor who was visited by the brigadier from the 'security services', the Congress was quite successful. It did nothing of course beyond passing vague and pious resolutions. But most of the people who were there – and I must have met scores of them – were delighted to join others of their own kind and to discuss with them, however vaguely, the affairs of the world. This seemed wonderful to them. They were living for a few days like members of a real democracy. For we must not forget – and this applies to more countries than Australia – that we are not really supposed to meet in public to discuss disarmament, and that if we were sound, dependable citizens we should be content to wait until our great, good leaders gave us a sign.

Meanwhile, Mr Casey in Australia seemed to be rather out of touch with world affairs, for even late in August he was warning people against the approaching Congress because, he said, it would *press for Summit meetings*. (The italics are mine, but Mr Casey can have them any time he pleases). What the Canberra people did was to give the Communist and fellow-travelling element in the Congress more influence that it need have had, simply because they frightened away so many well-known persons who could have checked this influence. But the best-known of them, Sir Marcus Oliphant, joined us before we had finished our round of anti-nuclear meetings, and wrote to say he regretted having withdrawn his sponsorship of the Congress.

The truth is, there downunder they are still fighting the Cold War, and the ghost of Joe McCarthy walks the streets and haunts the newspaper offices. Opposed to the Communists, who are not numerous (though a surprising number of writers are found among them) but no doubt are very active, are members of another vast power organisation, also devoted and disciplined and ready to take orders from outside the country, namely, the Roman Catholics. And the people between these Reds and Blacks, the liberal-minded pinky-greys, seem to be rather timid about asserting themselves. So, although even the most idiotic editors did not accuse my wife and me of being Communists, because we were associated with this sinister Congress, our presence in Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, was carefully ignored by all official and semi-official personages, not excluding those in universities. (In all this, Sydney was the exception.) One lord mayor said that he could not possibly receive us publicly though he would like to meet us in private.

Not that there was anything wrong with the ordinary people we met. We liked them very much, and we think they liked us. For example, although most of the hotels we stayed in were inefficiently run, sketchily organised, and ridiculously expensive, the people who worked in them were splendid – open, candid, obliging, friendly. The unhelpful and sour 'I'm-as-good-as-you-mate' spirit, about which one had heard so much, was hardly to be discovered anywhere; and indeed there is now far more of it here in England than there seemed to be in Australia.

A strange contradictory place, it seemed to me, though of course I can't pretend to know much about it after a mere five weeks there. (Though we did spend some days in and around Alice Springs, and how many Australians have done that?) More new books on show in Melbourne and Sydney than in London, Manchester, Birmingham put together; yet who buys and reads them, where and how is their influence reflected in public life? Much talk among the intelligentsia about the theatre, which is still very poor, but little said about painters and poets, who are doing excellent work. Indeed, Judith Wright, whom we met on the Queensland mountain where she lives, is to my mind one of the best poets now writing in English. And Queensland itself, so fine in the publicly-owned semi-tropical woods near that mountain, so horrible in the 'Gold Coast' below, looking like Florida and Southern California at their worst! Or Adelaide, with its magnificent tree-lined avenue, where the art gallery and university are, but also with some of the noisiest and nastiest shopping streets I have ever seen: a city of half a million, offering us no theatre, no music, no anything, apparently unconscious after seven in the evening. Or Sydney, making such a noise, such a fuss – about what? – and charging New York prices for what might be equally well obtained in Wolverhampton, except for the beaches, the beer, the weather.

The last Australian town we stayed in was Darwin, which in December is very uncomfortable indeed. A journalist there asked us to his house, which was very pleasant because the air was conditioned and the gins-and-tonics iced. My host, remembering his profession, insisted upon my giving him an interview. I warned him that I had nothing to say that I had not said more than once already, both on TV and radio. (And here I must pay my respects to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, companion to our BBC and an organisation at once efficient and friendly.) I told him exactly what I had said before about my impressions of Australia, adding nothing; and how he shaped and coloured the familiar stuff, I don't know; but I do know that I am still receiving letters about that interview, telling me I am a coward, a rat, for waiting until the last moment to say what I thought about Australia.

So I ended, as I began, at cross purposes. And though I met some very nice people, especially in the country, where the best life can be lived down there; though the strange sad landscape, with its curious non-sensuous quality, began to fascinate me, and I longed for more time to sketch it, to say nothing of the multi-coloured deserts of the Northern Territory, or the country round Alice Springs, where the golden kangaroos, hopping in long lines through the woods, look like creatures in some mythological landscape; though there is much to remember with gratitude, half-round the world is a long way to travel to meet persistent misrepresentation and unending cross purposes. But, Australians all, like that Congress I did you no harm, perhaps even a bit of good.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Varnishers

MANY have argued that what is developing in Russia now is a purely materialistic civilization, and that, to the young generation passionately interested in science and technology, the arts and humanities will mean less and less. Even inside Russia, some people have been alarmed by this tendency; in a recent newspaper discussion, a woman-student argued that 'even in the Cosmos we shall still need love and branches of white lilac'. Teachers of history and literature, as well as artists and writers I met tended to agree that they had been relegated to second place during the present 'transition stage from Socialism to Communism', but that they would come into their own again when, with automation immensely extended and with working-hours reduced to six, five or four a day, people would have more and more time to devote to culture and general education.

Meantime, Soviet literature is jogging along, rather than developing in grand style. The literary horizon which 'dangerously' widened after the 20th Congress in 1956, was narrowed down after Budapest, and its re-widening since then has been slow and rather hesitant. In Krushchev's view, literature and the arts must continue to be 'auxiliaries of the party', and recently he described himself as a 'varnisher' – *i.e.* one preferring literature to stress the good rather than the bad sides of Soviet reality.

My old friend Boris Polevoi (the author of *The Story of a Real Man*, the most popular of all Russian war novels – it sold six million copies) who is the wittiest and most entertaining of all hard-as-nails Communists, treated me one day to lunch in the sumptuous new building of the Writers' Club. 'I tell you', he said seriously, 'the American drive to the West was child's play compared with our present drive to the East. We writers must encourage, more and more, the tremendous pioneering spirit that already exists among the young. Siberia has still undreamed-of possibilities; look, for instance, at the vast diamond deposits they've now discovered in Yakutia – no more need to buy diamonds from South Africa, thank you! And he talked about the Behring Straits project, which would melt the Arctic and change the whole climate of Siberia, and about all the new gold and diamond 'Klondykes'. 'I bet you we'll soon

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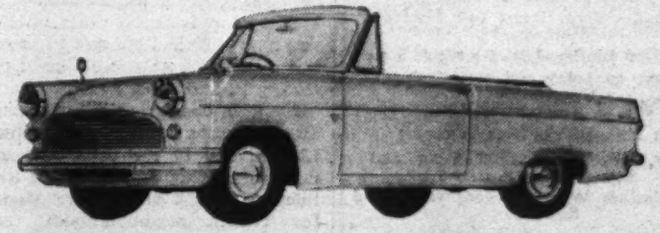

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have thousands of enterprising Americans wanting to join in these gold rushes . . .'

Polevoi, obviously, believes in the functionalism of literature; but is this true of most Soviet writers? And has any great literature been produced in Russia in the last few years? I found a good deal of scepticism in Moscow. 'Literature is not really keeping up with the general progress', was a common opinion. All the same, there's much that's new. New themes, for one thing. Tricky themes like the misdeeds of the NKVD are touched upon (Nilin's *Cruelty*), or the chaos at the front during the first months of the German invasion (Simonov's *The Living and the Dead*). A 'ham' novel in the old manner, like Kochetov's *Yershov Brothers* has not been a success, despite much official boosting on the radio and in the press.

Perhaps the most important recent achievement is the great improvement in the quality of the writing. Until recently, there were only two great stylists among Soviet novelists: Sholokhov and Leonov. Now there are several more. Among many remarkable young story-writers (Kazakov, Sergei Antonov, Nagibin, etc.), I was particularly impressed by 35-year-old Vladimir Tendryakov, who is not only a great stylist, but manages to write moral tales with an extraordinary kind of Chekhovian detachment. Thus, in his *Miraculous Ikon* one sees the point of view both of the fanatically-religious old peasant woman, who nearly drives her young grandson to suicide by trying to turn him into a local saint (after the boy had fished a miraculous ikon out of a pond), thus detaching him from all his school friends and teachers, and of the boy himself. Similarly in *Bad Roads* he tells the story of a *kolkhoz* chairman who, on the ground that orders are orders, refuses to provide a tractor for transporting a severely-wounded man to hospital, the only means of saving his life. Owing to all the delays, the man dies; and yet the 'criminal bureaucrat' is again dismissed with a kind of Chekhovian shrug.

I heard, by the way, a good deal of both private and public discussion on Pasternak and *Zhivago*. Hundreds of copies of *Zhivago* are circulating in Moscow, and thousands have read it. The attitude to it is rather mixed. I met a few *Zhivago* enthusiasts; but the general tendency is to speak of it more in sorrow than in anger. People have been conditioned in such a way that a few passages in *Zhivago* undoubtedly do jar on them – for instance, *Zhivago's* desertion of the partisans and their sick and wounded produces the inevitable reaction: 'Soviet people don't do such things'. Boris Izakov, at a students' meeting I went to, argued that Pasternak, taking a sort of 'consumer' attitude, had failed to render the inner fire that inspired Russians to fight in the civil war, despite hunger and hardships. The poet Dolmatovsky said at the same meeting that he had begged Pasternak to make a few changes, but he was 'a pig-headed old devil'. Several writers, however, told me that it would have been much better, and saved a lot of fuss and bother, if *Zhivago* had been published in Russia in a small edition of 10,000 or 15,000 copies – 'It wouldn't have mattered a damn'.

This, however, is not a view shared by the diehards, and in both the arts and literature something of a tug-of-war is going on between the liberals and the conservatives, between say, Ehrenburg and Kochetov in literature; between the young experimental and modernist painters (whose more 'outrageous' works are sold in a semi-clandestine black market to private collectors) and the pure Socialist-Realists; between the highbrows and lowbrows in music. The creative freedom in music is now greatest of all. Last year's official repudiation by the Central Committee of large parts of the poisonous Zhdanov decree of 10 February 1948, which condemned Prokofiev, Shostakovich and others as formalists, has had a far-reaching effect. In the case of music alone have I heard people speak of a 'tremendous new renaissance' now in progress. Entirely new names are cropping up all the time, while composers of the 'middle' generation, such as Sviridov, have now triumphantly emerged from the deadening Zhdanov era with pungent and exciting new works. Old man Shaporin (whose excellent opera, *The Decembrists* is now in the Bolshoi repertoire) was telling me with great pride of some new composers, many of them his own pupils – Paris-born (Prince) Andrei Volkonsky, author of an *Eluard Cantata* with 'a quite heavenly aria', a superb trio, and much else; Sidelnikov, writing in a more epic, modern-cum-old-Russian manner; Artemiev, author of a poignant war cantata (*I was Killed at Rzhev*); Shchedrin, author of a new *Little Hump-Backed Horse* ballet, which will soon be produced at the Bolshoi, and of some very fine orchestral and chamber music. 'These people will be known throughout the world a few years hence,' Shaporin said.

Others have told me of a 23-year-old youth called Ovchinnikov whom they described (rightly or wrongly) as 'a major genius'; others still dwelt on the 'amazing stuff' coming out of the Caucasian and Asiatic republics. It is, at any rate, certain that the Soviet musical world is in a state of ferment. There is also a greater willingness, compared with 11 years ago, on the part of average concert audiences, to get away from the eternal Beethoven-Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninov kind of repertory, and to take a real interest in what's new. No doubt in music, as in the other arts, the tug-of-war is continuing. Sabotage and stabs-in-the-back still go on at the Writers' and Composers' Unions; a battle of the cliques goes on at the Conservatory, and occasionally a young composer gets mysteriously expelled. But at least nobody is in danger any longer of being picked up by the police for 'formalism'. For this (and other) reasons, Mr K is immensely popular in Russia today.

ALEXANDER WERTH

(This concludes Alexander Werth's series of articles on his recent return to the USSR after an absence of 11 years.)

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The Arts and Entertainment

Cluster at Bethnal Green

A DUSTING of grubby snow, a sky like an unwashed teacloth, a gale smelling of the Urals – perfect weather for viewing English architecture, for showing up the quantum of fashion that causes things to be mistaken for progressive, the quantum of sentimentality that causes them to be mistaken for humane.

Claredale Street, E2, cluster-block stood up well to the test; even the gale seemed tamed and tempered on its high balconies. Cluster-block? Well might one ask. 'Cluster' is a hot word, too hot to be pinned down as the label of a precise concept. Rather, it is the signpost to an area of thought, much of it intuitive, so that the word has a wide fringe of subliminal suggestiveness. In so far as that area of thought has a central idea, it is something like this – a cluster is a social grouping based on some natural relationship, rather than a social grouping shaped by some formal preconception. Obviously, by the time you have put people in rooms, and the rooms into buildings, and the buildings on the ground, you have a formal concept of some sort, but it is a concept enshrining a social pattern, not forcing it, and formal enough only to make the pattern comprehensible or even eloquent. The Smithsons have proposed it for a Cluster City, several of the paper projects evolved during the dying days of CIAM (the Congrès Internationale d'Architecture Moderne) were for cluster neighbourhoods; but Denys Lasdun has had two stabs at actually building cluster-dwellings, both in Bethnal Green.

To my mind, his first try, in Usk Street, at the back of the new Market Square, fails visually. The traditional modern image of an homogeneous, impersonal block has been only too successfully broken up, and the result looks like two small, eight-storey towers twisting with effort as they try to get away from one another, with the stair-tower and the access bridges desperately trying to hold them back. But the guts of the idea are there – the two-storey maisonettes arranged in little 'streets' three at a time, in four layers on each side of a central gap that is to be read simultaneously as a kind of private court for the flats, and as part of the surrounding space coming into them. That is, the cluster-block is not an island complete unto itself, as were the hygienic slabs that the old masters of CIAM (notably Gropius) dreamed up as a counter-image to the nineteenth-century street pattern; the cluster concept is involved with that pattern.

Most of the approaches to Claredale Street bring you through that pattern at its most tough-minded and dignified – the kind of housing that is commonly brushed off as slums but usually isn't. The cluster-block rises comfortably above it, but looks in no way out of scale, since the dominant motif of its elevations is the pair of maisonettes, which, in bulk, are about the same as a pair of semi-detached houses. Each of the four constituent towers of the cluster has just one pair at each level, making them very tall and narrow, and

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they stand close together – close enough to give visual force to the idea of clustering, but not so close that there isn't room for a stair-tower (a work of architecture in its own right), to pass comfortably between them.

Planwise, the grouping of the four towers is symmetrical, but only from one side of the block would you suspect it – from all other viewpoints you see only three at a time, standing in a close but apparently informal relationship to one another. This is not just a clever gimmick. It has to do with arranging the dwellings for best daylighting, and it is also programmatic since the apparent informality of the plan does not 'dictate' the location of further blocks if the scheme is extended – there is no abstract pattern on the ground to be spoiled. In addition, the arrangement of the towers with two end-on, and two flank-side-on, to the stair-tower not only gives varied spaces between one tower and the next, but also gives neighbourly short views from the access or private balcony of one maisonette to the balconies of the next one – you look, as it were, across a vertical street, not into the measureless void that confronts you from all windows of a slab block.

This close-clustering is one of the reasons for the moderation of the wind, even at fourteenth floor level, and it is also part of the very successful manipulation of visual scale. A house-sized module governs the main façade pattern, horizontal walking distances are everywhere short, circulation spaces are small and labyrinthine, and solid concrete is always close at hand. But this is also one of the tallest buildings in East London, taller than some of the new office-towers in the West End, yet it makes no attempt to play down this fact. It is visibly built of big pieces of concrete, big slabs of brick and has a smoothly-faced panel, covering services and ventilators, running the full height of the end-wall of each tower, bar a small gap at the fifth floor.

The two scales – the human and the urban, so to speak – collide at a point just above the ground, where the end walls of the towers came down like blunt arrows, stopping dog-high above the paving, which slopes down invitingly into the interior space and towards the base of the stair-tower. To walk round here is an experience; the scale is indeed human – you can reach up and touch the undersides of the lowest balconies, few of the areas of paving are bigger than a large room – but the space in which you move is defined and limited by structural masses of heroic scale, and no one has spoiled them by trying to dress them up 'domestic'.

It takes guts to design housing in this frame of mind, it takes guts on the part of a local authority to commission it – even a broad-minded councillor is likely to take exposed, rough-shuttered concrete as a class slur. But cluster-blocks, unlike earlier kinds of dwelling-blocks designed by progressive architects, are not a form of architectural charity for the poor – Lasdun is designing something that looks very like a small cluster-block in St James's, overlooking Green Park – and you don't really think that is going to be subsidised council flats, do you?

REYNER BANHAM

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Oedipus Redivivus

MANY were amazed to find, at Sadler's Wells last Friday, that Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* is really an opera – and a shatteringly dramatic one. But if we have been too long content with the concert version, it is Stravinsky's fault for insisting that he had 'turned the legend to stone' by means of a dead language and masked immobile actors. People have realised, of course, that the music is far from petrified; but in the concert-hall, the absence of action, coupled with thoughts of Stravinsky's static stage-conception, has prevented a full emotional response to the score.

At the Wells, the opera emerges from the aesthetic fog surrounding it, having forced itself magnificently to life in the hands of Michel St Denis as a fully dramatic work. In conjunction with the stage, the music sheds its last pretensions to frigidity, and in consequence the stage has to thaw out of immobility. It seems inevitable now that the chorus, though masked and shrouded and seated rigidly in tiers, should be literally swayed (a little to each side, peering) by the conflicting claims of the chief characters; that Oedipus, though apparently a Greek statue, should stage by stage move forward down the stairs, gradually dominating the action, and at last turn viciously on Tiresias, with his livid cry of *Stipendiarius es!;* and that, at the end, he should stagger blindly down the same stairs to the initial music, his feet groping helplessly for each step.

Even the dead language fails to dehumanize. After all, it is only a foreign tongue, which we are used to in opera; we know what is going on, if we do a little homework first. More important, Stravinsky has not used the text for mere syllabic mouthing, as is often said; anyone with a bit of Latin feels the direct impact of verbal-musical felicities like *Oedipus, odest pestis,* and *Divum Jocasta.*

All of which makes the compère seem more dated and redundant than ever; but unfortunately he is inextricable, as the work cannot start without him – the simultaneous outburst of chorus and orchestra is an impossible stage-opening. A pity, since the part is very awkward. Michael Hordern (under producer's orders?) took a far too personal, too aggressively scornful view of Oedipus, jarring painfully with the objectivity of the musical drama itself.

It was most satisfying to hear the music in the right acoustic setting at last. Splendidly conducted by Colin Davis, it sounded full, clear, hard and resonant; and chorus and orchestra, excellently stylish, cut through the texture powerfully. Few can imagine what an experience *Oedipus* as if they have not seen and heard this production.

DERYCK COOKE

Rogues' Galleries

I DIDN'T see *Fings Ain't Wot They Used t'Be* when it appeared last year, but the revised version at Stratford E., which brings it into line with the Street Offences Act, is a very good musical indeed. It has none of that faintly pretentious sentimentality about low life which, for me, spoilt *Make Me an Offer.* Perhaps Frank Norman, the author, pushes too far a rather fragile joke about making an honest crook out of a man, but he is no more condescending than Tommy Handley. Indeed, the whole show is closer to *Itma* than to any current low-life musical. Like *Itma,* it has only the most cursory plot; in fact, the first part of Act 2 drags from lack of anything to do. And, also like *Itma,* it replaces plot by a vivid, quick-changing rogues' gallery, led by James Booth as Tosher, the Ponce Regent, and Edward Caddick as Redhot, a kind of Mona Lot of the burgling world. Yootha Joyce and Wallas Eaton manage three excellent caricatures apiece; Barbara Windsor and Miriam Karlin do very well by Lionel Bart's songs; the tunes are catchy and the lyrics amusing.

As usual with a Theatre Workshop production, it's hard to be sure how much of the play belongs to the author and how much to Joan Littlewood. So far as I could make out, Frank Norman simply fitted out his characters with a full range of thieves' cant; the rest was production. Now *Fings* has all the marks of a Stratford E. show, particularly that impression of being written not so much in dialogue as in a special brand of ensemble backchat. But it is about time we stopped condescending to Miss Littlewood's idiosyncrasies and recognised them for what they are: the trademarks of one of the two best producers in the country. Apart from her, only Tyrone Guthrie can keep a whole crowded stage moving, talking and, what's more, acting at full pitch without the slightest looseness or inertia. Her eye for detail, her invention and her discipline are uncanny, the vitality and humour of her work profound. When one thinks of what Miss Littlewood manages to make out of material as slim as *Fings* and what the Old Vic producers do with Shakespeare, it seems the only cure for our theatrical depression is for the two companies to change places for a season or two.

Miss Littlewood's genius lies in the way she can give any play, no matter how disorganised, a centre of vitality. It would have been useful to Doris Lessing's *The Truth About Billy Newton,* which had its première at the Playhouse, Salisbury. Miss Lessing is a highly intelligent woman with interesting things to say on all sorts of subjects. And in *Billy Newton* she says them. But since they

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never quite jell into drama, the play remains a compendium of well-known modern figures and fads, an intellectual's version of *The Love of Four Colonels*. A famous, white-haired, much-married philosopher, who has devoted his life to rational humanitarianism, is on the eve of his eightieth birthday. To celebrate it, a TV programme – it should have been called *This Is Your Wife* – has collected all his assorted family together. There are three wives – a Lesbian peace-marcher, a Tory lady MP, and a rehabilitated Party member from Russia – and their three sons – respectively, a leading politician of the Right-Left, an AYM, with floppy hair, polo-neck sweater, religious ideas and a taste for publicity, and an inarticulate and, believe it or not, heterosexual Beat poet from America, with three books of verse and a clarinet to his credit. The first son is followed by his neurotically jealous wife, the second by his fiancée, a poor girl turned smart model. Also present are a TV producer and a girl journalist, who turns out to be the daughter of Newton's beloved mistress. Now it's an intriguing idea that that famous, white-haired, much-married philosopher could be responsible for all this, but that is not enough to make drama. The crowd assembles, they put their different points of view cogently and wittily, they haphazardly lock horns or pair up, expose each other's pretensions and their own fragilities. Then they disperse in the direction of a Ban-the-Bomb march. And that's that. For all the talk, nothing has really happened, nothng is quite resolved. At one point one of the characters says 'Word are nonsense. Things are.' But in the play the reverse is true: the words are far from nonsense; but the people aren't. They're simply types, illustrations of ideas, excuses for Shavian argument. They don't exist in their own right. For so resolutely contemporary a play, *Billy Newton* is curiously old-fashioned in all its talk and generality. I wish that instead of ending by telling us that responsible, protesting, intelligent, full and original human beings are all that matter, Miss Lessing had shown us them in action. As it was, even the philosopher, for all William Hutt's voice power, seemed just another tired old rhetorician. Oddly enough, the most convincing character was the least significant one: Yvonne Coulette as the tortured jealous wife. Stanley Rixon designed a very good set.

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Eisenstein's Last Word

I CAME back from a fortnight's holiday to the grand surprise of *Ivan the Terrible, Part II*. This had been so long expected that one had almost ceased to expect. The ten-year ban had been lifted a couple of years ago; we had read so much, from Eisenstein and others; there had even, a few months back, been an unobtrusive press-showing in London with the colour sequences in black and white. Now the Academy brings it intact: colour restored, ideological sins pardoned. And but for bureaucratic interference there might have been yet another part, completing the trilogy and the whole conception.

However, before girding against tyranny, salute the drive and resources that enabled Eisenstein at the worst moment of the war (for Russia) to embark on his gigantic epic. While Moscow and Stalingrad resisted invasion, Eisenstein began to shoot at Alma-Ata in Central Asia; and the two first parts were taken almost in a single operation, though the first was to win acclaim and the second disgrace. Part II, *The Boyars' Plot*, opens with the King of Poland planning to invade; then Ivan, from his retreat, is called back by the people to Moscow, where plots start up and conscience writhes. His wife has been poisoned by his aunt, the *boyars* or barons are in league with the church, only when it flows is blood thicker than water. Ivan is a submerged or captive eagle, now striking fury, now hunching from cave to cave in the royal catacombs: everywhere whispers are frozen, the fat, furry enemies scatter or bend low. He can free himself and defend Russia only by fighting this lust to assassinate with his own fiercer madness; in this sense he is a Hamlet who must act and whose actions will drag him down to hell. Three *boyars* of a usurping clan are beheaded in the courtyard. He is appalled. 'Too few!' he cries.

With executions, more plots. They plan, with play-acting and miracles in the cathedral, to bring him to his knees; but he intervenes. Then, with a murderess's milk-sop son pushed forward to take his place, he arranges his own stage (Hamlet again): the boy is feasted, made drunk, crowned, led carrying a taper by black-coiled figures, and then the knife drives home. The mother rushes in to trample, as she thinks, the dead Tsar, only to find him stalking along an avenue of candles towards her while her son lies underfoot. With this turnabout of threat and buffoonery, Ivan is released from his internal torments and exclaims that now he is ready to meet attacks from outside. We long for the liberation into landscape and battle and free movement, without which this *saison en enfer* still, tremendously, holds us by the throat; but the inevitable conclusion was denied us more than a dozen years ago when the authorities clamped down on an enterprise that had gone, as they thought, wrong or too far.

Poor Eisenstein! While *Ivan* was cut short, the mutilation of his Mexican film had come at last to hand; no wonder he died. But we know how *Ivan* was to have concluded; and here in this second episode the drama and the architecture transcend even the splendour of the opening. No scene but is alive with its conspiracy of walls and vaults and faces in close-up; the whole which bursts into colour at its climax, is as visionary as if Goya had been able to give his pictures movement. Compare *The Boyars' Plot* with the empty frigidity of Olivier's *Hamlet* or his more awakened *Richard III*: the latter is still merely an artful interpretation as against this amazing original. The richness of impact of Prokofiev's score, Nikolai Cherkasov's performance as Ivan, Andrei Moskvin's and Eduard Tisse's photography, and Issac Spinel's sets emphasise Eisenstein's command, so piercingly announced in script and sketch. No other artist of the cinema could have explored these visionary possibilities; and from the realism of *Strike* to the high artifice of *Ivan* there is a necessary progression. It is a tragedy that such a master should have been at the mercy of masters of conformity.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Art for Children?

THE Pictures for Schools exhibitions of contemporary British art – the latest in the series is showing at the Whitechapel Art Gallery till 31 January – begin with the impeccable assumption that the best way to interest children in painting and sculpture is not by instruction in the appreciation of art or by dragging them through museums, but by making works of art part of their environment. This year's exhibition includes a fair amount of good and goodish work (notably, fine things by Prunella Clough, Keith Vaughan and Ian Auld). All the same, it's disconcertingly like almost any other big mixed exhibition, not least in that it includes much that is worthy but dull – the last thing that pictures for schools can afford to be. From the exhibits alone I wouldn't have guessed that this show had a particular purpose. The only thing that might have given a clue to its purpose was the presence of a somewhat higher proportion than in most mixed shows of paintings and fabric collages in styles owing something to the art of children. I have a suspicion that this happens to be one kind of contemporary art not likely to appeal to children.

I find myself talking of 'children' as if everyone who goes to school could be lumped together, because the exhibition takes no account of age-groups. Yet surely, once you accept the principle of a Pictures for Schools exhibition, intended to give guidance to education authorities who might be at a loss to know what pictures to buy for schools from the London Group or the Royal Academy, you might as well give them guidance as to which pictures you think suitable for ten-year-olds and which for fifteen-year-olds? In fact, I would have thought that the selection as well as the arrangement ought to be, or seme, less haphazard. Is the selection based on what those at school are known to like or on what somebody thinks they ought to like? If the former, how has the information been collected? If the latter, what principles have been followed? And is the general aim

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to get children looking at good pictures right now or to get them used to the idea that pictures have something for them? The Society for Education through Art, who organise these exhibitions, must have given careful thought to the problems involved: one would like to see their conclusions made much more explicit.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Good Afternoon

APART from Father Huddleston's passionate demolition of a South African racialist, a Mr Mustoe, nothing said on television this week has excited me to such eager assent as Mr Betjeman's remark on Tuesday afternoon: 'I wouldn't mind if all television programmes were just breaking waves and sea noises'.

This occurred in the course of an agreeable item in the BBC series *Remembering Summer*. We saw Mr Betjeman in the studio, reading one of his poems and putting on and off his spectacles rather too often, as Sir Anthony Eden used to. Then we went with him on holiday to Polzeath in Cornwall and shared in his rhapsodies – the rock-pools with the sea foaming 'like ginger-beer' through them, St Petroc and St Enodoc protecting the summer visitors, the scent of thyme and tamarisk ('like cold cream') and a more ambiguous smell ('you're never quite sure if it's drains or the iodine in the seaweed'), the collecting of cowrie-shells ('the larger ones have freckles like those you see on the nose of a tennis-girl'); and the Poet himself actually playing golf and surf-riding.

This modest documentary met two standard requirements of good television: it enlarged experience, it sharpened the sense. The significant thing about it is the time at which it was shown – 2.50 p.m., when ITV was showing a schools programme (an excellent one on the earth's position in the universe), and 'no one', except a few exhausted housewives, might be expected to be viewing.

Since New Year's Day, the BBC has dropped the general title, *Mainly for Women*, under which its weekday afternoon TV miscellany used to be grouped. The scope of these programmes was widened deliberately because it was found that there were so many male 'eavesdroppers', anyway. Some are still of special interest to women – e.g. *Fashion and Beauty*. But the gastronomic masterpieces displayed in *Cookery Club* by Mr Victor Sassie, with plausible facility and anecdotal wit, are perhaps of a kind to tempt male rather than female amateur chefs to emulation; and the documentary on shoplifting in last week's *Family Affair* – though, admittedly, there are more female than male shoplifters – was, as someone said, 'good enough for *Lifeline*'. The average number of afternoon viewers is 750,000, a minority worth catering for seriously; it is only a pity that the millions who view later miss so much that is good.

But this is a chronic problem of once-only entertainment. We have often taken cracks at ITV for putting on its best stuff too late at night for most people; and an instance of this is the showing from 10.20 to 11.50 p.m. next Wednesday of what should be an important and fascinating programme – *We Dissent*, a coast-to-coast survey by Mr Kenneth Tynan of non-conforming minorities in the USA, including interviews with Mort Saul, Feiffer, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Galbraith and others. But it is at least possible that those producing and taking part in such a programme as this would rather have a smaller, but consciously selective, audience for it than the half-attentive, just-home, high-tea audience available at 6.10 p.m. – the only other time which the lords of the peak hours can spare for such stuff. (*Roving Report*, for instance, which was first-rate recently on the North-West Frontier, suffers from this timing.) The trouble about this highbrow-producers' argument is that it concedes defeat: it shares the commercial assumption that the peak-time mass of viewers can never be persuaded, and ought not to be given the chance, to watch programmes of this quality.

TOM DRIBERG

Philippine Dance Company, at the Palace

The dancers of the Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company are something like dolls; so small, so smooth, so friendly and so expert in their own way. They have brought a varied programme from their islands, in which the Spanish, Muslim and native influences predominate. But it is all somewhat blended. There is a Lyons Corner House kind of orientalism, a Spanish-type fandango, while many of the tribal dances might well have been born in Africa. The richness of the Spanish-Victorian costumes is overwhelming as a theatrical effect. They create a vision of gay opulence, of lacy parasols above gracefully nodding, dark faces in the carriages of Manila a hundred years ago. It is in these formal, Spanish dances, with the couples weaving, parting and meeting, that the Philippines appear at their most elegant. Those lighted candles and glasses of wine balanced on the head, as peasants swirl and twist, are a familiar stunt neatly performed. Less familiar is the 'tinikling' dance, which is skipped in and out of pairs of bamboo poles that, all the while, are rhythmically clapped together and apart at an increasing speed. It is nerve-racking to watch, for every moment there is the expectation, almost the hope, that somebody's leg will be chopped in half.

A.F.

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Correspondence

WHY I RAN AWAY

SIR, – Reading 'Why I Ran Away' by Bloke Modisane brought back all my memories of living in South Africa and made me analyse again why a white South African runs away. I have lived in London for over seven years now, struggling with problems of existing that never arose in my life before – cooking, washing-up, making beds, doing the washing, making lunches, not getting to bed until nearly midnight trying to cope with all this in addition to working during the day and travelling over two hours a day in all sorts of (to me) unbelievable weather! And yet my answer to our more affluent relations and friends on their holiday trips (who wonder how and why we do it) is that we could never go back, and I know why.

I remember the people who were good to their servants, and the constant cry 'But are they grateful? Do they appreciate what you do for them?' I remember the resentment against those Africans who tried to better themselves. 'It's no good educating them. Then they think they are as good as you are.' The jeers and hostility to those of us who called 'them' Africans instead of kaffirs and other much less complimentary names. There was the liftman who told a co-worker that I was a Communist because I objected to the 'office boys' not being allowed to use the lift and being forced to walk up 11 long flights. I recall applying for a permit for my 'girl's' husband to live with her and the middle-of-the-night raid immediately after receiving a refusal. After 15 years I can still see the resentful face of our houseboy, who had been picked up

on a Sunday afternoon in a field next to the house, bundled into a police van, beaten up and fined for not having his pass on his person. And it took us three days to trace him, during which time he was in jail with very little in the way of either food or drink. A very vivid memory is that of long queues waiting for buses on a Saturday midday and not 'seeing' three hoodlums beating-up a 'kaffir', who when I arrived was lying bleeding under a bench; and the continued blindness while I challenged the attackers, who after informing me that they could do as they liked now that the Nationalists were here, decided to call it a day. There are innumerable recollections of black men standing humbly (white with fear under their black skins) in front of the white 'baas'.

Many years ago I was at a social evening during the time of the trial of a Bethal farmer accused of beating an African to death. A fellow guest rebuked me, saying 'It is all very well for you to talk. My father is a Bethal farmer and pays the agents for the contracts of the farm workers. If he didn't chain or lock them up at night, they would be gone in the morning'. The building of farm jails, in spite of the horror expressed by so many people, seems to be an accepted part of life now. The farmer builds the jail and then has cheap labour. And is he not assisting the government by building these jails?

The main topic of the average housewife's conversation is the laziness, the incompetence, the ungratefulness and general uselessness of their servants. And yet their dependence on these shiftless, idle creatures – who run their homes and bring up their children – is quite pathetic. There is absolute panic if one of them does not report for work on Monday morning (no fire made, no hot water, nobody to do the housework or look after the children). One of the compensations of my life now is that I am not dependent on anyone and I am not plagued by a sense of guilt about the living conditions of servants. There is nobody living in a shanty at the bottom of the garden without decent facilities.

This nagging sense of guilt and the awareness that a day of reckoning must come made a coward of me. Either one is with the African or against him, and how difficult to be with him in the face of both social and legal pressure. But the fury that will inevitably be unleashed will not remember anything except the colour of *my* skin. So I ran away!

WHITE SOUTH AFRICAN

GLOOM ON THE IRON ROAD

SIR, – I feel that W. John Morgan is perfectly right when he says: 'The calibre of people traditionally found in British trains and signal boxes won't survive much longer unless there is a drastic pay increase'. To one born in a family whose railway traditions go back some 60 years, the poor wages paid are certainly one of the main causes of the low morale amongst railwaymen. The wages of the railwaymen are a national disgrace. The hours that they work and the conditions under which they work them are appalling. Weekly averages of 78-80 hours are not unusual in certain grades – hours which bring in less than £15 after stoppages.

There are other reasons why morale is low. The remoteness of the administration is another potent factor leading to loss of morale. The staffing of the British Transport Commission with retired generals and others who know very little about the actual running of the railways is another sore point amongst the men. No explanation is given in many cases for decisions made at the top which have profound effects upon the men at local levels. Money is spent on erecting coal hoppers on lines about to be used by diesels, such as at Mexborough. In fact the railwaymen are kept in the dark about everything. Is it any wonder that under these conditions men are becoming dispirited and leaving the railways, causing further degeneration of the services provided?

It would be foolish, as Mr Morgan points out,

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to pretend that it was Utopia on the railways prior to nationalisation, for it was not. I do feel, however, that the Labour government must share the blame with the Tories and others for the existing state of chaos on the railways. I know the difficulties it had to face after the war, and it is very easy to be wise after the event. But surely, to insist that under public ownership the railways must 'pay their way' was terribly naive, to say the least. Even General de Gaulle realised this. The Tories must take the biggest share of the blame, if only because they have been running British Railways for a longer period than Labour, although perhaps 'running' is the wrong word. Their breaking up of the partnership between British Railways and British Road Services contributed perhaps more than any other single factor to the present state of affairs. The loss to the transport system in terms of revenue and services caused by that move will take many years to recover, if indeed it ever can be recovered. Successive Tory transport ministers have spent millions of pounds of the tax-payers money on attempts to cover the country-side, already marred by the speculators, with monster concrete and tarmacadam monuments to the motor-car industry. They have spent much effort and money in building what is virtually a duplicate of the existing transport system, i.e. the railways. They have also spent effort in making things easier for the private haulier and motorist, no doubt a sound political investment; but at the same time it is a truly shocking wastage of an already present facility.

The Tory attitude to the railways is shown very clearly in the present wage dispute, between the BTC and the NUR. The railwaymen have been offered what is at the most a four month 'back-dating' of any resulting wage increase, in marked contrast, I feel, to the 15-month back-dating allowed to the Civil Service; yet the government is the employer in both cases.

What is needed today more than ever, is a planned co-ordinated railway-road organisation which, if properly carried out, would result in removal of heavy road transport from the roads, leaving perhaps the roads to the motorists. Whether we shall see this in the next five years is not clear. One lives in hope.

BRIAN F. DOWDING

145 Kynaston Road
Didcot

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

EDUCATING LITTLE JACK

SIR, – May I support the views expressed by John D. Solomon in his letter 'Educating Little Jack'? He accurately described the low-intelligence group of pupils for whom little or nothing is being done. The erudite, the politicians and the grammar-school élite who discourse learnedly on education, are completely out of touch with the problem so clearly posed by your correspondent and I would add that only those who have had to handle them – you cannot 'teach' them – know the terrifying results that can follow from further neglect of this group of pupils.

It is an error to assume that all are educable if, by that term, we mean the book-based education in our schools. And it is equally false to assume that because this lowest stream in our schools is unapproachable through books – however simplified – that they are good with their hands. They are not. My own work as a former principal teacher in a Junior Secondary School in Glasgow and close contact with this type of pupil convinced me that we are, by blind neglect, ruining potentially fine human beings because, though they have very limited understanding, they are intensely emotional and feel strongly. Poor souls!

This 70-85 IQ group is the 'blackboard-jungle' the recruiting ground for tarts (I've seen some of my ex-pupils on the streets), lay-abouts, gangsters and violent criminals. They are often recognised in the Infant Room and they suffer years of frustration, humiliation and a constant sense of being 'misfits', for they can never hope to understand the normal work of their classes. For heaven's sake, do not keep these people longer in school. I would hate to be in a school, at work with this lowest of all streams, on the day the Crowther extension became law.

By all means extend schooling for those who can benefit from it. The intelligent already know that learning is a lifelong process, but for the 70-85 IQ group – get them out. Aye, *lower* the age of departure for them for many, when they enter the age of puberty while still at school, seem to develop manias that make them uncontrollable.

What can we do with the multiplying moron in ordinary life? That's the rub. They can be useful citizens – but only in a society that cares for its members; not in this 'I'm all right, Jack' set-up that exists at the moment. Yet it is morally and socially imperative to help this low-intelligence group before the frustrations we cause them drives them to despair and violence. Let us remember that the lunatic fringe has destroyed nations even in our own times.

CARL CAPLAN

871 Mosspark Drive
Glasgow

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR, – The debate so far appears to have been conducted only by men. I would like to bring in a few important points which seem to be unknown or conveniently ignored by those who advocate the 'safe period' as a lawful means of contraception. To speak of 'conception if God wishes it' (as does Fr Eastwell), is naive in the extreme. In many cases women would be pregnant or nursing all their married lives. Even with the desire and ability to use the safe period, it would not be possible because the normal cycle does not start until some (unknown) time after giving birth to a child; some women start again as early as a month after and some go on till ten or 11, or even longer still, but this is outside my knowledge. When the cycle does start it is irregular and would be useless for calculating at all accurately the safe period, until several more months after that. A second difficulty arises here. Nature being what it is, even after accurate calculation and conscientious observation of the safe period, the safe period does not always turn out to be safe. This may be due to the effect of intercourse on the general hormonal set-up, but I cannot speak with authority on this. I can only state the fact. Has the Roman Catholic Church faced this fact? If it has not, it has no right to speak, as if with authority, to deceive the ignorant, innocent or superstitious in this land, but more especially in underdeveloped and uneducated countries where the Church missionises.

Further, the use of the pronoun 'she', in this context in speaking or writing of the Church serves further to mislead and distort, as though the injunction had been given by a wise all-seeing mother (probably confused in their minds with the Queen of Heaven), instead of by celibate priests who, whatever other qualities they may have, are bound to know precious little about this subject.

The only criterion by which the rightness or wrongness of birth control should be measured is love – love of the married couple for each other and love of the parents for their children and back again, and through all to love of the Creator. Love should be the motive force behind the Church in dealing with people who ask for, or who are given advice. I often wonder if the Roman Catholic Church has asked itself what would Christ's attitude be to this contemporary problem. Where does this God they so glibly speak of draw the line? After six or 20 pregnancies? Or does the woman resort to even less lawful means – there is abortion and sterilization (this latter is quite the vogue in this district) or just weariness and sickness and lack of love for anybody?

I am not anti-Catholic. I have some dear friends who are Catholics, but how I wish the Roman Catholic Church were as equally famous for its attitude to other pressing problems of our day as it is in its attitude to birth control. (That's the one thing *everyone* knows about the Roman Catholic Church)! If it would show such a concern about, for instance, nuclear weapons, war, racialism, or refugees, we might begin to solve some of these problems.

MABEL BAKER

Harston
Cambs

SIR, – Mr Drewitt, speaking of the choice of the 'safe period' by the married couple, says: 'an identical coincidence is arranged when a mechanical protective or a spermicidal agent is used'. I couldn't disagree more. Let us consider an example of where this reasoning would lead: in an unhappy marriage, the 'natural' death of the undesirable partner might be taken as the chance to marry someone else. But if the death of the partner were 'arranged', the death would hardly be called 'natural', even if one used the 'natural' powers of poison to bring it about. To put it mildly, it would be rather a different kind of 'arrangement' to merely taking advantage of a 'natural' death.

Similarly, there is a difference between arranging to have intercourse at a time when God has arranged it will be unfruitful – and arranging to have it at a time when He has probably arranged for it to be fruitful, and yet to make one's own arrangements to see that it is not fruitful. In the first case, one is ready to let one's own arrangements coincide with His; in the second, one is not. The 'coincidence' is far from identical in the two cases – on the contrary.

Mr Drewitt considers that a spermicide or a protective is as much 'God's obstacle' as the 'safe period'. But these methods of contraception are no more 'God's obstacles' to conception than poison administered by man is 'God's obstacle' to life.

R. H. EASTWELL, SJ

Wimbledon College
SW19

LANGUAGE OF MUSIC

SIR,—If the challenge to non-tonal composers and theorists in *The Language of Music* is hasty, as O. W. Neighbour says in his review, his cursory dismissal of it is precipitate. If, however, 'it comes rather late', since 'Schoenberg, Berg and Webern are all dead' (a fact of which I am actually aware), one replies that it is never too late to question the aesthetic assumptions (not the achievements) of a new school. After all, Alexander Goehr and O. W. Neighbour, among others, are still alive.

Mr Neighbour's examples of non-painful chromaticism in tonal music are fallacious: in Frescobaldi's 'elevation' toccatas, chromaticism is referable to thoughts of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion; in the *Tristan* love-duet, to the lovers' death-wish. Such examples contain painful (chromatic) elements in stable humanistic contexts of tragedy (minor) and pleasure (major). But my point is that non-tonal music, abandoning these stabilisations, has isolated chromaticism, with its exclusively painful connotations.

Arguing against a 'total break with the past', Mr Neighbour finds expressive continuity from tonal to non-tonal music in the secondary relations in tonal music (those between notes, other than the tonic, to one another), which 'come into play when a succession of intervals forms its own field of reference, independent of a tonic'. Agreed; but what are their expressive qualities in such non-tonal contexts?

According to some writers, certain intervals retain their old connotations. David Drew relates the 'tragic feeling' of Stravinsky's (tonal) *Oedipus Rex* to 'the tensing power of the repeated minor third – the same device which Mahler used . . . for tragic expression, and which left its mark on Schoenberg and Berg'; Roman Vlad says that Schoenberg's Violin Concerto has 'the character of a song of lament' due to 'preferential use of . . . the second, and most of the time the minor second'. Which accords well with my interpretations of the (tonal) minor intervals 3-1 (tragedy) and 6-5 or 2-1 (anguish).

But less painful tonal intervals fare less happily. To take Mr Neighbour's examples: the (pensive) 4-2 becomes, *sans* tonic, the 'tragic' minor third; the (sentimental) 4-7 becomes the naked augmented fourth (interpreted in my book as 'inimical', with examples from Buxtehude to Britten). The latter interval and the 'anguished' minor ninth are the crux: omnipresent in non-tonal music (replacing the acoustically natural fifth and octave), they guarantee a persistent aggression and anguish; and if they allow minor intervals to remain painful, by reinforcing them, they prevent other intervals (notably the major third) from remaining joyful, by contradicting them.

My reference to a 'total break with the past' was taken out of context. If painful tonal intervals retain their connotations in non-tonal contexts, there is obviously only a partial break; but if we are asked to find, in the pervasively painful non-tonal idiom, serenity and well-being (as Mr Neighbour claims to), then a total break is, as I said, 'implied'. I believe that the break is partial – that non-tonal music exclusively (and often magnificently) expresses our century's *Angst*, as do many writers of the period (Kafka, Beckett, Ionesco). The 'challenge' is simply: how can this idiom claim to be the common musical language of the future, when it cannot cover the whole gamut of human feeling, which needs both diatonicism and chromaticism for its expression?

Mr Neighbour is mistaken in attributing my 'misapprehensions' to the need of my musical response for 'close reference to a tonic' – *Erwartung* and *Lulu* are favourite works of mine; but in my book I was concerned exclusively with tonal music, which forced me to consider the pull of the tonic in every single case. Thus, the reason why I drew no non-tonal moral in discussing the initial phrase of *Tristan* is simply that its expressive force depends entirely on the pulls of the implicit tonics of D and A, as I tried to show.

DERYCK COOKE

PICASSO

SIR, – The Arts Council is organising a large retrospective exhibition of the paintings and sculpture of Picasso, to be held at the Tate Gallery from July to September 1960. There will be loans drawn from collections in the UK, Europe and the USA. The exhibition is organised by Mr Roland Penrose with whom the artist is co-operating. We should be very glad to hear from collectors in this country who have paintings or sculptures (not drawings) by the artist that they might be prepared to lend for the exhibition.

GABRIEL WHITE
Director of Art

The Arts Council of Great Britain
4 St James's Square SW1

SIR, – Your Westminster correspondent on 16 January says that I have 'advocated' the 'abandonment . . . of the present name' of the Labour Party. This is unusually wild misrepresentation.

What I actually wrote in the article he mentions was this: 'It would be unthinkable to give up the name "Labour", which holds the loyalty of millions'. I did not even say there might be a case for adding another name – as your paper has done more than once – but merely asked the question 'Might there be a case?' (surely a reasonable question), and gave no answer to it.

Your correspondents should try to get these things right.

DOUGLAS JAY

House of Commons SW1

[Mr Mallalieu writes: Mr Jay's exact words were: 'It would be unthinkable to give up the name Labour which holds the loyalty of millions. But might there be a case for amending it to "Labour and Radical" or "Labour and Reform"?' Ed NS]

NOW, SUEZ—
THE FACTS

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THE TIMES

Holidays and Travel

The Sojourners at Naples

THE English have always held two views about Naples. The lip service rendered to Florence, the awe in which our great-grandfathers stood with regard to Rome, failed to attach itself to the modern Parthenopeia. The fact that Virgil, Leopardi and Nietzsche wrought and suffered agonies of genius on this ivory coast never mattered a damn to the insensitive and travel-conscious English, who, thanks to Sir Henry Lunn and his successors, long ago learned to cut their own teeth in these matters. In the case of Naples, the issue has always been clear-cut. Either a paradise, a continuous feast for the eye, a centre of neighbouring delights – or a moral quagmire, an enlarged bi-sexual bordello, a cloak and stiletto coaling port of pustular reputation. On both sides the witness is strong and vociferous, for of all the great Italian cities, Naples most has the knack of stirring the English up. Our reactions to this strange and haunting metropolis have, over three centuries, become a prism of national temperament. Tell me your view of Naples, and I will tell you what kind of a traveller you are.

We may begin, austerely and reasonably, with Milton, the ex-Lady of Christ's, aged 30, traversing the city with that learned recluse the Marquis of Villa, in the autumn of 1638. ('On my departure he gravely apologised for not having shown me more civility, which he said he had been restrained from doing, because I had spoken with so little reserve on matters of religion'.) Alas, Milton never had his austerely full fling in Naples. 'When', he tells us, 'I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in England made me alter my purpose; for I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow citizens were fighting for liberty at home.'

Such scruples never troubled that intrepid busy-bodying observer and BBC cultural magnate, John Evelyn. In the very year of Naseby (1645), he was hopping and skipping up the slopes of St Elmo, 'whence we had an intire prospect of the whole Citty, which lyes in space of a theatre upon the sea brinke, with all the circumjacent islandes, as far as Capreae, famous for the debauched recesses of Tiberius.'

As usual, Evelyn took in everything. True, San Gennaro failed to liquefy for him, but he saw Virgil's tomb, 'Cicero's grott', the crucifix that talked to St Thomas Aquinas ('*Bene de me scripsisti Thoma*') and the withered arm of the historian Livy in the church of Sta Maria Maggiore. Above all, he saw the fish – the 17th century germ of that great marine aquarium that Norman Douglas and Aldous Huxley have hymned so eloquently:

> . . . Amongst the natural Herbals most remarkable was the *Byssus Marina* and *Pinna marina;* the male and female Camelion; an *Onacratulus;* an extraordinary Greate Crocodile; some of the *Orcades Anates,* held here for a great rarity; likewise a Salamander; the male and female *Manucodiata,* the male having a hollow in the back, in which 'tis reported the female both layes and hatches her egg; the Mandragoras of both sexes; Papyrus made of several reedes and some of silk; tables of the rinds of trees written with Japoniq characters . . . a christal that had a quantity of uncongealed water within its cavity; a petrified fisher's net; divers sorts of tarantulas, being a monstrous spider with lark-like clawes, and somewhat bigger.

Bishop Berkeley, like Evelyn, had a passion for 'projects' and natural resources. A philosophic tar-waterer, his travel journal of southern Italy abounds in fertile speculations – none of them, it need be said, taken up by the natives. For him too, San Gennaro refused to boil. On the other hand, he did meet an eccentric chemist who ate vipers – and watched him at it. There was a hard, squirearchic, pragmatic side to the Bishop of Cloyne. He left his Idealism at home when he went on his travels.

Our next and most incongruous witness is Charles James Fox, aged 21. In the year 1770 a rumour that false dice were being dug up at Herculaneum excited a faint antiquarian interest in London's Clubland and Charles 'was commissioned to procure a pair for exhibition at White's. But he soon had reason to suspect that the manufacture was not obsolete in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius; for, when he sailed from Naples on his homeward journey, he left his father poorer, it is said, by sixteen thousand pounds'.

By now Naples is well in the swim of the Grand Tour, and witnesses are legion. Sybaritic, enthusiastic, cast down by the dirt, the smells and the poverty, buoyed up by the Carnival, the scenery, the opera, the recovered statuary and the puppet-shows (still to be seen) at the Porta Capuana, they make a clamant medley. In this testimonial gallery, two Old Naples Hands – Beckford and Lady Blessington – stand out significantly.

Beckford was a natural for Naples. He came to it through Capua, in a storm, 'by torchlight':

> The sky was cloudless when I awoke, and such was the transparence of the atmosphere that I could clearly discern the rocks and even some white buildings on the island of Caprea, though at the distance of thirty miles. A large window fronts my bed, and the casements being thrown open, gives me a vast prospect of ocean uninterrupted . . . running to the balcony . . . I leaned over its rails and viewed Vesuvius, rising into the blue aether, with all that world of gardens and casinos that are scattered about its base.

Beckford's *Italy* gives us a first-hand description of that extraordinary crowned head, Ferdinand I – possibly the most bizarre monarch in European history. 'Though people', he writes, 'have imagined him a weak monarch, I beg leave to differ in opinion, since he has the boldness to prolong his childhood and be happy, in spite of years and conviction. Give him a boar to stab, and a pigeon to shoot at, a battledore or an angling rod, and he is better contented than Solomon in all his glory, and will never discover, like that sapient sovereign, that all is vanity or vexation of spirit.'

As Sir William Hamilton, our ambassador, famously cuckolded by Nelson, told Wraxall:

> The King rarely misses a shot; but when he is tired with killing then commences another operation . . . he strips, puts on a flannel dress, takes the knife in hand, and with inconceivable dexterity, cuts up the animal. No carcass-butcher in Smithfield can exceed him in anatomical ability; but he is frequently besmeared in blood from head to foot before he has finished and exhibits an extraordinary spectacle, not easily to be imagined. The Queen herself [Maria Carolina, sister of Marie Antoinette] is sometimes obliged to be present at the scene, though more in compliance with the King's wish than from her own inclination. He is equally indefatigable on the water, in harpooning or catching fish; particularly the *pesce spada* or sword fish; and he neither regards heat, nor cold, nor hunger, nor danger. On these occasions, he is usually or always attended by a number of chosen Lipariots, natives of the Lipari islands, who have been in all ages most expert sailors, divers and fishermen.

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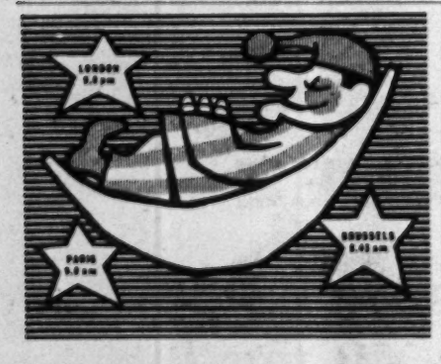

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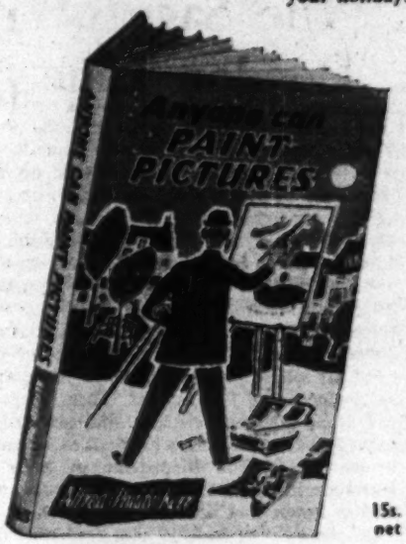

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ever assembled. The wily Tanucci, the brazen and saintly Father Rocco, the indefatigable Cardinal Ruffo, the raging Jacobins and strenuous Garibaldians – the whole moiling and murky legend of Naples is here.

Lady Blessington's two-and-a-half year sojourn at the Belvedere Palace was the happiest breathing-space in her feverish and ill-starred life. Acting, dancing, visiting ruins and galleries, dining in fancy dress, she and her entourage idled the months away in blissfull abstemiousness. 'The food', says her Ladyship's biographer, 'was elegant but moderate in quantity. The men were all of them sparing with their wine . . . Fortunately there was no servant problem. Neapolitans were engaged and so far as possible disguised as London footmen. Their obstinate habit of wearing ear-rings was graciously condoned.'

With the arrival of the 1830s Naples, as one might expect, underwent a great change in English eyes. Here we have two redoubtable witnesses, both cheerful, both beneficent, both undoubtedly firm in the manner of the period – and both utterly and unaccountably at variance. Macaulay, aged 38, fresh from his four-year spell as Legal Member of the Governor-General's Council in India, arrived in Naples in January 1839. With bracing generalisation, he noted:

> I must say that the accounts which I have heard of Naples are very incorrect. There is far less beggary than at Rome, and far more industry. Rome is a city of priests. It reminded me of the towns in Palestine which were set apart to be inhabited by the Levites. Trade and agriculture seem only to be tolerated as a subsidiary to devotion. Men are allowed to work; because, unless somebody works, nobody can live; and if nobody lives, nobody can pray. But, as soon as you enter Naples, you notice a striking contrast. It is the difference between Sunday and Monday. Here the business of civil life is evidently the great thing, and religion is the accessory. A poet might introduce Naples as Martha, and Rome as Mary. A Catholic may think Mary's the better employment; but even a Catholic, much more a Protestant, would prefer the table of Martha . . . At present my impressions are very favourable to Naples. It is the only place in Italy that has seemed to me to have the same sort of vitality which you find in all the great English ports and cities. Rome and Pisa are dead and gone; Florence is not dead, but sleepeth; while Naples overflows with life.

Thus Macaulay in high spirits. A year later, Dr Arnold of Rugby arrived – and reached a different and a far more sombre verdict. 'Here we actually are', he declared grimly, looking out upon what but presents images

(*Continued on Page* 116)

The Sage of Hendon Lane

Last autumn, for the first time since the war, I faced – apprehensively and with much hesitation – the hazards of a holiday at home. There were of course some particular circumstances: a printers' strike, for instance, which ruled out June and July; a self-indulging ordinance which forbids me to submit myself to the penance of an August holiday on the Spanish, French or Italian Rivieras; the temperamental quirk which denies me much pleasure in the company of Germans; and an overdraft which put out of reach the peace and radiance of the Aegean. Then, August past, came a general election, and eventually it was mid-October before previous experience of the treacherous Mediterranean autumn finally decided us to brave the rigours of English hotels and English weather.

On the weather in 1959 you couldn't lose. In two and a half weeks of autumn touring, we had two spectacular storms, five days of unbroken, warm sun and, for the rest, a kaleidoscope of sun and shower which shows the English landscape at its best. But 1959 was an *annus mirabilis*: we may not see its like again. What of the enduring things, the roads, the inns, the people? There have been improvements: signposts are more frequent and more legible; an occasional garage is open after six o'clock; courtesy flowers in a number of places where a dozen years ago there would have been only the bramble of rudeness and scarcity. The humourless, indefatigable propaganda of the British Travel and Holidays Association, the presence in our country each year of thousands of Americans who demand hot water in the bath tubs and cold on the table, have had an effect.

And there has been Mr Raymond Postgate. I have long been accustomed to take a quick look at *The Good Food Guide* (Cassell; 7s 6d) before risking either food or accommodation in the provincial cities of England. Under the somewhat testy injunctions of the sage of Hendon Lane I have eaten very good meals in the most unpropitious places – in Glasgow, Bristol, Portsmouth and, most improbable of all, at the Manchester air terminal. Moreover, I have often been helped to avoid a night in the dark satanic cities by Postgate's recommendation of a good dinner and a quiet, comfortable bed in some unheard of village just outside.

Never, however, till this autumn, had I essayed a holiday based entirely on Postgate. We pointed westward from London and for 17 days and nights followed *The Good Food Guide*. I report in simple truthfulness that on only one occasion did a hotel fail to substantiate Postgate's verdict. And reflecting on this failure, I conclude that what failed was rather the maestro's descriptive powers than the hotel itself, which was not exactly bad, but simply not what was suggested by the description. On three occasions, out-of-the-way tips proved to be real collectors' pieces; and two of them were so far out of the way that we should have been unlikely to find them without Postgate's help.

All of this is of more than personal importance. It has always been possible in this country to enjoy, if you can pay for it, first-class food and comfort in a very small number of first-class hotels – mostly, but not all, in London. It has always been possible to find rough and rather alarming hospitality, coupled with wholesome food, in a limited number of boarding and farm houses. The bane of English tourism has been the unspeakable quality of the ordinary country hotel – where the traditional English 'Inn' disappeared to, heaven knows: it hardly seems to have existed since the First World War.

Even now the fact cannot be evaded that most of our country hotels are still unspeakable; that the addition of some plumbing is not enough to disguise the Brown Windsor (soup, alas, not soap), the soggy vegetables, the overcooked meat and the 'Coffee . . . . extra' – which is, no doubt, the by-product of some valuable industrial process, but bears no apparent relation to the fresh-roasted coffee bean. But this is no longer true of all. And Postgate's work of mercy is to record, publicise and encourage those hotels or inns or boarding houses or restaurants or cafés or pubs which, whatever their social ambition, strive in food and hospitality to achieve the best in their class.

Postgate is incorruptible and, if not infallible, at least hard to fool. His work is not yet the equivalent of the Michelin, because the information he offers is much less compendious. But he has begun to make his mark. It is possible now to go round Britain on his back. And the more of us who do it – or, better still, share the load by acquainting him with our own experience and when necessary making our own complaints – the sooner it will be possible to venture with confidence on a holiday at home. With the alternative of queueing in an almost unbroken line of stinking motor-coaches from here to Rapallo, God knows there's enough incentive.

John Freeman

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The Status Seekers

WHEN it was fashionable to go abroad, to broaden the tired old mind, or stuff the face with exotic foods, sunburn, feed vanity, gain kudos by arcane currency transactions, gather place-names to bore the neighbours stiff in the winter months, or even have a good, enlightening time – then I never went. Now, when going abroad is becoming unfashionable, I find myself barricaded behind travel brochures and advertisements, planning. This is very disturbing. In the back-rooms where the status graphs are plotted I can see the scientist pause in brief confusion, and then send the line swinging down. Not that I had any real objections, certainly none that were doctrinaire.

Laziness, I suppose, and lack of money were the root of the matter although, of course, a repugnance at the sillier kind of foreign travel talk played its small part. Friends also were discouraging. In Spain the poverty of the people upset them. In France the natives seemed money-grubbing, and there were too many English people. Appendicitis in the Adriatic and a bad time with bugs in Portugal were other troubles. Those who simply stuffed their faces and slept in the sun on the Riviera were happy, but even there a slight case of crab-poisoning was reported.

Now it has been kindly pointed out to me that I took longer to reach that point in Connemara where it was possible to hear two boys talking in Erse as they rode down to the village fair at the lake-side and still hear over the fair's loudspeakers Joe Loss play *In the Mood*, than it would have taken me to reach Madrid. That it is simpler to go to Rome than to watch the Atlantic wind blow waterfalls back up the cliff-face in the west of Skye. Why then – in a flurry of brochures – not Samarkand, Oslo, Nairobi?

These brochures contain the drugs of escapism and money talk to a degree few other forms of advertising achieve, and few novels, if it comes to that, except perhaps Mr Braine's. 'Half the fun of any holiday is planning it,' says one. He can say that again. £36 for 15 days on the Costa Brava. How loaded the words Costa Brava have become so quickly in class and social implication. Conversation about any one of the thousands of plotted holidays could well be endless. 'Now, if we put £2 a week in the sock till June . . .' . . .'Means packing-in the boozing and the old fageroos' . . . 'Couldn't we cut down on the food and clothes?' Or is this not the pattern of holiday preparation? 'Who the hell can raise £250 for Samarkand?' . . . 'It's a thought that only the boys and girls playing the Stock Exchange game can afford to see the Socialist state in action' . . . 'Why does *everyone* else seem to have the money?' . . .

But I could find in no brochure the foreign holiday which for years was my ideal. There would be four of us on the train journey. It would begin at a small Welsh station, some halt for milk-churns, and would end at Istanbul. All the way the blinds would be drawn and all the way we would play cards. Since we were young and green the game would be solo or even pontoon. In Constantinople we would simply change platforms and come home. The passage of countries would be marked by a change of wine or brandy or whatever. The travel agent we put this proposition to said it would cost us £62 a head, so that was that.

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followed a map which we drew up of the Ambier country: in the steps of Demetrios and Colonel Haki we'd sit and sip and consider the prospects of the Agrarian Party. Several years conversation were the only fruits of that. The South American trip we abandoned when a friend was gently brushed by a bus in the Horse Fair, Bristol while describing the kind of noise and action a plane flying over the Andes might make. Schemes like the 'St. David's jag' which involved travelling very fast to the edge of the Irish Sea, were more our weight.

But, for all that, what a world these brochures open up, where all beaches are silvery and seas sparkle and all scenery (vistas of, breathtaking) gladdens the eye and warms the heart and welcomes are always friendly and charm unspoiled or mediaeval, the past wealthy, the present gay, castles famed, Alps majestic and Petra a 'rose-red city half as old as time'. And the prices clearly marked. Lives there a man with soul so dead who can stand on Chesterfield station, snow blowing down the line, the hardy northern breed blue-faced all about, feet like ice, and open a travel supplement, as I did, and read, without being moved nearly to tears, this passage:

> Think of an island in the sun and a gay village of straw huts by a warm blue sea – sailing, water-ski-ing, aqualung diving – carefree weeks of lazing in the sun, good French food and wine, and dancing under the stars – *The choice is yours.*

Mine, all mine! Well, yes, the bank manager may want to share it. But still mine. 'Or why not sojourn where the sun spends the winter?' 'There are few,' if it comes to that, 'whose imagination is not stirred by the prospect of a holiday in the Soviet Union'. How very true. And how cheaply Leningrad may be reached by sea. Yet here we have the Czechs with their 'real genius for making every day of your visit an unforgettable pleasure'.

New England in the fall? But here's a skiing party for youngish people (how youngish? 20, 30, 40?) with afternoon tea and free wine thrown in. 'The sun costs less in Israel.' I am impressed by a car-hire scheme, taking the train to Berne, finding a Volkswagen there and driving through Yugoslavia (a few days at Salzburg – an old desire), and back through Italy, except that drivers never see anything but the road. What makes choice more difficult is the easy-payment scheme. (Why *not* Samarkand?). But I have finally come down against spending much time in Yugoslavia after watching one of commercial television's advertising magazines in which a young woman has been urging the place on her husband for their holidays. I would have been quite prepared to waive the customary rule of never buying anything plugged in a commercial (not so limiting as it sounds), if only they hadn't cracked that joke about Split. If *they* are going to Yugoslavia, it's not for me.

It may well come to a month on some Greek island, unless this seems too ambitious for a tyro. But one sentence in all these advertisements and brochures haunts me. It goes like this: 'Venice, Dubrovnik, Kotor Fjord, Corinth Canal, Athens, Istanbul, Varna (Bulgaria), Yalta (Russia), Sochi (Russia), Mudania (Turkey), Isle of Rhodes.' Dylan Thomas alone might have done it credit. It may lack a verb, but how rich and evocative: what images it conjures to mind. How right the agents are to call such a cruise 'Dramatic'. £86 tourist class from London. Seventeen days. Istanbul, Varna, Yalta . . Would it be possible, quickly, I wonder, to nip up to Kuchuk Kainarji, which was always the treaty for which I had the greatest affection? Pay on the HP?

Half the fun, as the man said, is planning. Where? How? It's so much the easier half of the fun with none of the bother of having to go on the holiday, to make decisions, to trouble with passports, tickets, currency, yet another train, another aeroplane, and not knowing the language. Did Oblomov ever take a holiday? But this is the kind of talk that has been the trouble in the past. Either that, or a desire to know your own country before roaming into others. Athens, Istanbul, Varna, Yalta . . . How stands a cruise on the status graph?

W. JOHN MORGAN

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The Gypsy from Huelva

THE family got into the carriage before Albacete. There were already five people there, the elderly cynical man in alpargatas from God knows where with a fistful of proverbs, and three young men talking and singing against the night. One of them was girl-mad, he stood up and called out to them as they walked through the corridor. He came from Cordoba, and it was just high spirits. We had all made friends, and the compartment was the usual railway club, sharing wine and cigarettes, united against the moon and the long plains. Then the family came in. They were lost people, they were ghosts, they were the thin angry gypsies from Lorca, thinner than ever with the first cool kiss of winter. I didn't like the look of them.

At Albacete the whole station was selling knives. They were the most beautiful knives I have seen, long, curved, thin, sharp as razors. They were being sold in kiosks and by old men with trays, and everybody was buying them. What sort of a frontier was this? How long did the province of knives stretch? Were they for sausages, cheese, string or throats? Robin and I looked at each other and walked furtively along the gleaming, winking, silvery lanes up to the buffet. Lemonade and brandy. Brandy and lemonade. All through the long night, at every stop of the crawling mail train, we had run to these cosy, glittering buffets, staring at the waiters in surgical white, gods of the night time, fathers of the thirsty plains. We discussed these waiters at length. One of them looked like a documentary film director, another like a successful choral composer, a third obviously wrote plays which were produced in Madrid. Coffee, brandy, soda water, terrible lemonade, wine, brandy and more and more waiters, a constellation of wonderful white waiters, ten minutes an hour of the international coffee machine.

But I was worried about the gypsy family. The compartment was haunted now. It had become a cave. What about our bags, passports, travellers' cheques? In fact, miles further down the line, one could see that the climate of the little clattering world had changed, the landmarks of smiles and nods and the hospitable dance of wine and cigarettes had subtly disappeared. Mouths were tight; talk was low. Why was this? The old man opposite me took a large knife out of his pocket, opened it, and the blade shone like a moon. It was new. He opened a brown paper parcel, extracted bread and cheese and cut slices slowly, cautiously. Not a crumb fell, there was a sort of art in it, a husbandry; he threw away only the proverbs. Suddenly his eyes met mine and he leant forward. He cleared his throat.

'Spain,' he began, 'is not all it appears. On the surface it is one thing, underneath it is another.'

'Quite true,' I said eagerly.

'The rich roll down the avenues; there is order and comfort; you can whistle for anything you want. Provided of course, you have —' he rubbed his finger and thumb together, intimating 1,000-peseta bills. 'The tourist,' he continued, 'sees none of these things. He is blind in one eye, in his country things are better arranged, there is no poverty.'

'I am in entire agreement,' I said.

Robin had fallen asleep, and I had a battery of eyes on me, Cordoba eyes, Malaga eyes, the eyes of the cave. Such a speech could go on indefinitely, but where was it leading? 'Only certain things could happen here,' he went on, packing up his parcel, 'and I put it to you that nothing should be done to harm the welfare of this unfortunate family who have joined us in this compartment.'

'Of course,' I said.

'Nothing,' he repeated in a hostile voice.

'Nothing,' I said. I felt angry, there was a false argument going on, I was getting involved with things on the other side of the moon. How could you travel, with the night's risk in your belly, a third-class vigil in the

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dirty chapel of a train, without miracles and wounds? That is to say, travel by devices, interfering with fate, detaching a star? On the other hand, could you go two stations as a poet or a saint without arriving naked, brutalised, mad?

'The point is,' continued the sage in alpargatas, 'that this excellent miserable family have got on the train without a ticket. Do you understand?'

'I understand,' I said.

'They have no tickets. Perhaps they have never had tickets. I do not know. Some people, in this country where life is badly regulated, do not have tickets or food or drink or mothers or fathers.'

'I know all this,' I said.

'People such as you,' said the hostile preacher, 'always have tickets. The way is smooth.' Lies, lies, I thought. How can I tell him? 'Therefore nothing must be done to incriminate these wretched people. When the ticket collector comes around, the tickets have been lost.' He clasped his Albacete knife and put it in his pocket.

'Do you understand?' said the cave-wife clasping her baby boy in an agony of dusty love. Her face was close to mine.

'I understand,' I said. I leant back, and clearly heard the word 'knife.' Death to the informer, to the betrayer of the Holy Family on the night train, to the lonely one from the fogs, the tourist-policeman, the third-class millionaire.

'Will you have a cigarette?' I said to the gypsy, holding out a packet of Bijoutes.

'Since I have no cigarettes,' he replied, 'I will indeed have one.' He was small, a light-house of eyes in a face of smoke, thin as a post-office cat. The child sat up, cried out, and he hit it across the head like a man stunning a mackerel. Money, said his mind, cigarettes, nylon shirts, a red and silver car, enough meat and fish and brandy and lobsters and sleep and first-class railway tickets backwards and forwards between Barcelona and the Kingdom of Hell, with three thrones of rubies and gold to end up in. And these poor fools, heads stuffed with temples and clocks, hearts of wool, stuffed wallets, waiters' godsends, bugs' holiday.

The morning came. With it came the mercy of God and a clear mind. The frontier had been passed. The wine danced and the astonishing boy-child rose again from his sleep, mounted the rack, descended again to the hail of blows. 'He will kill us,' said the gypsy, swiping the boy with love. The boy laughed; a great man already, he would kill his mother and father, and be the first Andaluz in the moon. The family were going to Huelva. There was some sort of staid house there, a terrible matron of a mother. They had escaped on the hungry plains for how many years with their wild-beast innocence? Robin and I gave them money and bread, the boy-child struck us, and here was the ticket-collector.

'He lost his ticket,' we all cried.

'A bad affair,' said the sage, shaving his cheese with his new knife. The gypsy tore off his coat, ripped up the lining, shook it. We all looked under the seat, pointed; the wife cried, hit the boy-child; and the ticket-collector stood there, all knowing, the outstretched fingers of the two hands of his soul touching Spanish Railways and the milk of mercy – St Christopher, the patron of transportation.

ANTHONY CARSON

Personal Pleasures

(Some of our regular contributors share their ideas and memories of holiday travel)

A. Alvarez

Anyone with a grant to the United States and a taste for a truly foreign country can take an ideal holiday very cheaply. In 1953, with three other foreigners, I drove from New York to the south of Mexico and back, spending more than five weeks for about $150. In 1958 the prices were higher, but not significantly so, except in Mexico City. Some *don'ts* for a first visit. Don't cross the border at El Paso, as this involves an extra 600 miles of desert driving. Don't stay in American-style motels, which are expensive and not typical. Don't believe all that the American maps say about roads: if you stick to the superhighways you see nothing, while the second-class roads are not much worse than their Italian equivalents. Don't eat ice cream in small villages, where the water is often chancy. Don't drink whisky, which is about ten times the price of Mexican gin, rum and *tequila* (one of the best drinks in the world). Don't be snooty about Mexican cooking: the meat may be poor but the sauces disguise it very well. Mexico has a great range of climate: desert, tropical and the high, cool plateau of Mexico City. But the paradise is the valley of Oaxaca, about 300 miles south of the capital. It is hot, luxuriant, immensely beautiful. Oaxaca itself is a centre of Indian crafts and is surrounded by some extraordinarily imposing archeological sites. Just outside it, in San Felipe, is a splendid, ramshackle ranch which takes guests in an unprofessional way and, for about a dollar a day, gives you the run of excellent rooms, a tropical garden and three more or less decrepit swimming pools. Neither Adam and Eve, nor Macmillan, ever had it so good.

Anthony Carson

After a lot of thinking and remembering, I have come to the conclusion that my favourite resort is not really a seaside Continental village or a hidden mountain valley, but a railway station. Oddly enough, at Lausanne in Switzerland, country of precision watches, scrubbed mountains and money-valuating smiles. But it is not because of these symbols that I adore this particular railway station. It is because of the range of regional dishes and wines in the buffet. They are or were slated up on huge blackboards and include practically every known speciality of French, German and Italian Switzerland. Among the regional wines I particularly remember and cherish was one called 'Clos de Chemin de Fer, 1950'. I longed to take back a crate for almost anybody's cellar.

Paul Johnson

I've no doubt that in a few years' time Beirut will be an international resort. The northern shores of the Mediterranean are becoming impossibly crowded: more and more holiday-makers, led by the super-tax brigade, are pushing southwards and eastwards (if the Israelis could create a really attractive resort on their littoral, they'd catch some of this). All the more reason, therefore, for visiting Beirut soon. Apart from occasional high humidity, it has everything. Magnificent beaches, whose thunderous

rollers pound right up to the city's main street. Some excellent hotels, including the famous St George. French cooking, or, if you like a change, some interesting Lebanese dishes, which don't put too great a strain on the stomach. Gay night-clubs, both French and Arab – and even a traditional *quartier interdit*, where the girls live in high, Turkish-style houses, becoming progressively more pricey the higher the storey. A short car-drive from Beirut takes you right up into the mountains (Beirut is one of the few places where you can sea-bathe and ski in the same day). Within easy reach are the tremendous ruins of Baalbek, while the drive to Damascus, over the hills, made one of the most splendid mornings I can remember. Living in Beirut is cheaper than anywhere else in the Middle East; the real obstacle to visiting it is the air-fare. I shouldn't be surprised if an enterprising charter company introduces cheap tourist flights soon.

V. S. Pritchett

Tourists who can take a motor car or motor bike to Bulgaria usually head for the Black Sea at Varna. The coastal country is dull but the resorts are cheerful and modern; but it is better to go southwards to a small place called Bargas which, architecturally, is the latest thing. Bulgaria is a beautiful, mountainous country. The main roads are good, but the motorist will find that filling stations are long distances apart and that repair services are sketchy. The British minister is often plagued by stranded motorists. Local air services from Sofia are cheap and Sofia itself – not a bad, small modern city – has superb mountain country nearby. Food: a marked Turkish influence, i.e. chopped or minced meat and rice, excellent smoked salmon and caviar from the Danube delta. The red wine is very drinkable. Bulgarians are gay, conversable and easy-going about everything except sex. Foolproof marriage credentials necessary at the hotels. Do not cuddle at night in the streets. The Bulgarian attitude to love is extremely anti-Turkish. The tobacco of the Rhodope mountains – if care is taken to buy the kind made in the pretty town of Plovdiv – is among the best in Europe. Beware of July and August on the Black Sea resorts because they are packed out with Czechs and East Germans, and Bulgarians are reported to be lackadaisical in the distribution of food.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

My holidays are my children's; and for ten years my children have wanted only sand and sea. So we have tried a succession of remote seaside villages—in Argyll (too long a journey for car-sick children, sea too cold and yet still fun because of the Mitchisons); in Kincardine (an even longer journey, but sea unbelievably warm and fun because of the Mackies); in Devon (sea tending to be too rough and our house tending to be too far from the beaches); in mid-Wales (unbelievably ghastly on all counts) and in Brittany (children sick on crossing but, with a mile of sand exposed at low tide, they take seven bathes in succession on the flow, pretending that they are Egyptians shortly to be enveloped by the waters). At last we found Seaview in the Isle of Wight (sea warm, safe for bathing and sailing, and nothing else to do except be a family. I wish these holidays could go on for ever). But now the children are wanting 'to do things'. My wife and I fear that after the sand-and-sea Fifties will come the bright-light Sixties. To stave that off, we think of attaching a caravan to our car and following Yorkshire through its southern cricket tour of Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, bathing before and after play and in Eastbourne, for example, going to a show at night. Unhappily, my daughter, perverse and strong minded, supports Lancashire. So we'll probably end up in Blackpool.

Walter Allen

Holidays are things I never seem to get enough of, but I know what I like, and my tastes are unsubtle. I want to be as lazy as possible, so that in practice I am a poor

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sight-seer: unless the great buildings, the great pictures, are on the doorstep I'm unlikely to see them: which is deplorable. The sun makes me more lazy than anything else, so I go for the sun, which means the Mediterranean. My current dream is to go to Greece: but I'll always settle for Italy. Truth compels me to admit that the best holiday I've ever had was in good old blowsy Mentone.

Janet Adam Smith

For a not-too-exacting rucksack holiday, that 19th century favourite, the pedestrian tour of Mont Blanc, can still be warmly recommended – though only just, for already the road goes up to the head of the Italian Val Ferret, and within the next few years the Mont Blanc tunnel will be pouring its trans-Alpine through-traffic down by Courmayeur. Now, there are still long stretches of agreeable path or mule-track, well indicated; decent inns at Trient, Ferret, Entrèves, Les Chapieux, Les Contamines; comfortable new-style huts on the Italian side of Col Ferret (Elena) and Col de la Seigne (Elisabetta). Mechanical assistance, if blistered; téléfrique from Le Tour to the Col de Balme; buses up the Swiss Val Ferret and the Val Veni.

Kingsley Martin

Coffee and *croissant* on the train between Calais and Paris is the right start to a traveller's career. Italy follows France; golden Rome is superimposed on silver Paris. Italy reveals for the first time that beauty need not be confined to the country; buildings may reflect and enhance the natural loveliness of a sunlit world. Greece offers a second revelation. Comparatively few people range beyond Athens and Delphi because Greek villages are impoverished and not at once ready, like Swiss or French, with delicious food and a comfortable bed. For the traveller, if not for the peasant, this defect is now being remedied. Modern hotels are being built and roads being made so that one need not be a hardened explorer to visit Sparta or Euboea. If you want to see feudalism before it disappears – and you will have to hurry – go beyond Suez to the Muslim, Hindu and Buddhist worlds. The excitement of travel grows with every mile from Egypt to Japan. You can take your choice how you travel; if you have time to be uncomfortable there is ox-cart or mule-back. If you are in a hurry to arrive jet-planes are available. And now at last there is still another world open to you: the Soviet half asks to be inspected. You will not be able to look at it without prejudice one way or another; you have been conditioned. But if you are the right kind of traveller you will not allow that to stop you from looking and wondering. The one thing the traveller must carry in his bag is curiosity. If he has mislaid that, he had better stop at home.

The Sojourners at Naples

Continued from Page 110

which, with a very little play of fancy, might all be shaped into a fearsome drama of Pleasure, Sin and Death. The Pleasure is everywhere – nowhere is nature more lovely, or man, as far as appears, more enjoying; the Sin is in the sty of Capreae, in the dissoluteness of Baiae and Pompeii, – in the black treachery which, in this ill-omened country, stained the fame even of Nelson, – in the unmatchable horrors of the White Jacobins of 1799, – in the general absence of any recollections of piety, virtue or wisdom – for 'he that is not with me is against me'. And Death stands manifest in his awfulness in Vesuvius, – in his loathsomeness in the abominable Campo Santo. Far be it for me, or for my friends, to sojourn long in such a place; the very contradictory, as it seems to me, of the Hill Difficulty, and of the House Beautiful and of the Land of Beulah . . .

Eleven years after the Doctor had given Naples this portentous brush-off, Mr Gladstone visited the prisons – and was appalled at what he saw. Long after his famous pamphlet of exposure the Neapolitan name was mud in the eyes of liberal Englishmen. People objected to landing, let alone sojourning, in Naples, much as many high-minded travellers still object to travelling in Franco's Spain. The Risorgimento cleared the tainted Bourbon air. Though the city never recovered the prestige and position in the eyes of English travellers that it had enjoyed in the 18th century, it had its quota of discerning devotees. In the late Nineties Oscar Wilde, the ghost of himself, haunted its golden and unkempt piazzas. ('You wretched man', his friend O'Sullivan heard him murmur to a beggar in English, 'why do you beg when pity is dead?'). The staunchest of all Neapolitan sojourners was Lord Rosebery. Year after year was drawn to this strangest of cities, convinced 'that if a man needs an extra home, outside the British Isles, Naples is the place for it.'

The last war dealt badly with Naples. She still has her champions but she is enduring a slump in English sojourning. Writing in *Horizon* in 1946, Mr Raymond Mortimer noted sharply that his requisitioned hotel

> combines the night-noises and squalor of southern Italy with the gastronomic refinements of Huddersfield. What more apt to this blazing April than steak and kidney pudding out of a tin? I never liked Naples; bombing has done much less damage than I expected, but has made the place more untidily Levantine than ever, and the demoralization is extravagant. The children organized for thieving: if a lorry stops for an instant in the street a suckling with a razor slashes the tarpaulin and chucks the contents to his pretty playmates.

Which brings us to De Sica, Father Borelli's urchins and the works of Morris West. But that is another story.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Keeping Words Alive

ONE of the contributors to this forthright and admirable little volume* recalls in approximate terms a notice that he passes in a London street:

OUR DEAR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE
Castrations Tuesdays and Thursdays
Destructions Mondays and Wednesdays

In England today, the essay suggests, parents, booksellers, writers and others have much the same devoted and lethal approach to the infant mind. ('It can't be helped.' 'It does no harm.' 'Let them choose for themselves.' 'Everyone else has it – or does it – too.')

The absence of all such compromise in Mr Boris Ford's symposium may be startling, but less so when we look into the theme: the child's advance into life through writing of its own, and through the reading in various forms that comes its way. The two are inevitably linked. Thus, the book starts with an anthology of children's own poems and sketches, followed by several practical essays on subjects and techniques. The second part, on reading, contains trenchant Orwellian pieces on boys' weeklies, girls' school stories and comics. Critical scrutinies are given of those pillars of official and unofficial reading: Robert Louis Stevenson and Walter de la Mare on the one hand, Miss Enid Blyton and Captain Johns on the other. Mr James Reeves describes how he sets about composing poetry for children; Mr Richard Jay reports (with gloomy findings) on the papers read by secondary modern and grammar school boys in 1940 and now. A classified booklist for the young is given at the end.

The anthology may be the bait *per se* for the non-professional. But how many adults have no contact with young boys or girls at all? Besides parents, teachers and writers there are also uncles, godparents, television producers, neighbours, members of boards and committees. And it may soon be seen by any of these how well the collection of poems and stories illustrates the thesis of the rest of the book. The youngest contributors are six or seven; the oldest are eighteen. Between the dashing innocence of the first and the stylish enjoyment of the last, literature (of one sort or another) has entered in. Age is not always the guide. A hundred times in a day even the dullest of us sees, hears, receives sensations. The writer (like the painter in his medium) is one who is able to hold these impacts, observe them, and turn them into words. He is naturally involved; he must also be detached. Here, a not very literary boy of sixteen has achieved this thing in an essay on woodwork. He concludes:

> I have described it slowly but in reality the whole movement is fast and the noise it makes is not a note it is a bautiful clean cutting sound peculiar only to that one tool.

Below, a bright seven-year-old has related an item of book knowledge in his own delightfully personal manner. His subject is 'Clouds and the Weather.'

> Fine weather and red hot cumulus have flat bases and rounded tops, and when the day is compleatly hot, cumulus are very high in the sky, and very white, but wait, the wind blows, cumulus's rounded tops tower and grow and become cumulonimbus—the true thunder cloud.

The third quotation, from a poem on poetry by a nine-year-old, strikes me as being, in the proper tradition of child-writing, at once accidental and true, exhilarating to author and adult alike, but for differing reasons. It is also, by the way, an absolute summary of the matter.

> Poetry is poetry
> It may be good
> It may be bad
> It may be happy
> It may be sad.
>
> Some like poetry
> Some detest it
> Some write it beautifully
> By now you must have guessed it.
>
> It may rhyme
> Like this
> And may be sublime
> Like this
> It may make sense
> It may not
> It may make pounds, shillings and pence
> It may not.
> A poet must have a good imagination
> Like Shakespeare
> He should have satisfaction from his creation.

Of course, the charm that we find in genuine child-writing is, like picturesqueness in peasants, something that exists in the beholder, certainly not deliberately in the child. But while it must be unconscious, a distinctive quality is there none the less. What it amounts to is an absolute freedom from cliché in the using of words and ideas – even when clichés seem to be used. The effect, as in pictures by children, can be magical. But it is dangerous to confuse an innocent freshness with the rooted quality of genius. As the learning process continues it will presently, and often permanently, be lost. 'Clever' as a writer or painter is or may have been at twenty or so – and I include here the greatest of names – he has hardly ever been truly *original* at that stage. And at this point we are brought back to the thesis of the book; if imitation, the sampling of influences, is natural in the growth of a major talent, it has its place, no less, for the ordinary school-child writer. Imitation, as Miss Nancy Martin points out in her essay on this subject, is in itself a part of experience: call it pastiche or sedulous apery if you like, but do not look on it as a sin. To be sure, it is an unusual child that can keep its original vision for long in the modern world. School itself must corrupt; the corruption coming not (as a rule) from what is taught, but from school life itself: the herd-mind of other children. Herd-mindedness rarely operates in favour of what is difficult or good.

In the detail of this book, of course, even the most sympathetic of us will find something to question. Is the use of rhyme in child-verse, for instance, such a bad thing? 'Rhyme is of course never considered', writes William Walsh (on the group-composing of verse). 'It is, in children's hands, a fatal magnet for banality and insincerity'. Yet, to complete a poem of some precise design gives any child a powerful sense of creation. Speaking as an ex-child, of a docile and unprotesting temper, busy, banal but sincere, a minor poet, profoundly susceptible to new words and striking metres, I clearly recall my loathing and distrust of formless, rhymeless poetry. It seemed one of the many forms of distasteful 'taste' imposed by a soulful and pious authority. This hatred included all kinds of group-verse-chanting and group-invention: an activity which seems to me now (as an ex-teacher) admissible only when the achievement is primarily a technical one, the composing of a sonnet, for instance. The examples given in Professor Walsh's essay – too emotional and private, surely, for a united production? – have a dangerous air of being the work of a single hand: that, no doubt, of the most forcible member of the group.

Nevertheless, the important thing about all child-writing (to separate it for once from child-art) is that, in a resistant age, it keeps alive the *word*. However we account for the general flight from literacy today, indeed, from language itself, this flight is a terrifying fact. Language is still our most subtle and powerful means of communication; it can win souls, break hearts, bridge the widest ocean, unlock prisons and lock them too; it can institute war or peace between nations; it can tell the fighter what he is doing, whether the battle is won or lost. Writing and reading were always thought too good, too powerful, for the working poor; were not the medieval services in Latin to keep the hinds at their distance? The mood remained, even in nineteenth-century England. Look at Mrs Gaskell's *My Lady Ludlow* for an excellent picture of the attitude of the gentry to a servant learning to read. But nobody is more sentimental about the ancient fetters than the emancipated at a comfortable distance from the battle.

Not only the content but the quality of the words themselves are involved in this power. The words and phrases read by a child will surely affect the range of language used as an adult not only in writing and speech but in *thought*: it will naturally extend (or limit) the sensibilities expressed in words. Hence the value of the studies of special authors in this book. Miss Janice Dohm (an American, by the way) seems to have battled through hundreds of Miss Blyton's books. Her essay deserves atten-

* *Young Writers: Young Readers.* Edited by BORIS FORD. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

tion. It is not only the pap-like writing that she deplores, but the general suburban, petty and trivial sense of values that it conveys. Miss Dohm has no use for the argument that children can be taught discrimination by having everything available to choose from, good, bad and indifferent. 'Every child,' she declares, 'has access to more than enough mediocrity before he enters the library door.' In Mr T. R. Barnes's essay on Captain Johns, the effect of the Biggles-type gun story on the ordinary boy is given an even more devastating analysis. Mr David Holbrook, in another essay, states with awesome finality (when you consider the odds) his view that 'parents should neither use nor condone any comics.'

Such unequivocal findings on palliative reading are sure to displease many adults, among them parents, teachers and librarians. Many of them may seem hard enough to put into practice. And yet, in an age when even reputable critics seem hypnotised into writing with solemn respect about so much sheer rubbish in music, entertainment and other 'arts', this kind of plainness has the effect of a fresh wind. It is, to be sure, a counsel of perfection. While most will agree that a total diet of comics is poison, it may also be argued that a modest weekly ration mingles harmlessly with the solid fare that a reading child (*i.e.* one who cannot keep from the printed word) consumes within that time. A mixture of hard and easy is reasonable enough – so long as the hard is taken. 'Hard' – a not very accurate term – does not imply 'adult'. There is no merit, however enlightened the household, in reading *Bonjour Tristesse* at the age of eight or nine (this is not an invented instance); nor even Thackeray or Jane Austen before your time.

But really, the matter is a vital one. The lazy-minded boy or girl, brought up on nothing but rubbish, will probably become the herd-minded adult of the next generation, easily moved, if moved at all, to false sentimentalism, violence, or primly tight-lipped non-cooperation. Who are the razor-carriers, the hit-and-run drivers, the refusers to inform about cruelty next door, the swastika-daubers, the lynchers in southern America? What did they read when young? What sort of talk went on over their infant heads? If books are out of the reading question, what newspapers? Look back again on Mr Jay's piece of research. It is a consoling thought, or it ought to be, that new teachers, new writers, new parents, as well as the same old children, are springing up mushroom-like all the time. Every current or future parent should read this book, for ruin almost always begins in the home. I like to think that a great many teachers (who, among their other tasks, have to unteach so much) will do so too.

NAOMI LEWIS

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January and May

That month seemed a long time dead.
Less than half-clothed hidden
Under the cover of the flowering maybushes
They lay unbuttoned in the stilled roundness
Of the heat. Those were hills they would not
Climb again. The track, sure of its end,
fingered
Its hesitant way to the honeysuckle-copse;
Bees, heavy with summer, bumbled
A happy masonic path above the valley
Where water sprang from the rock,
Lilting deeply of earth's treasure.

That month sang a long time dead,
When years later in winter the train
Strained through a thin snowfall
Some miles away over the freezing fields
And against the window the flakes jostled
stealthily.

BRIAN GILES

Terza Rima

from The Exile's Elegy

Lost in a field blind falling soldier draws
The last of breath; his body cannot tell
If ill-luck, wound or sickness were the cause,

Or if more happiness, or love, or more
content
Had come to him, if he had run from battle
As a child, at peace in cowardly sentiment;

The order sleeping in him is not still,
Nor will the heavens out of sight repent
To see the victim down, they have no will

As heroes all contribute to their laws
By falling too, and all that's natural
We call catastrophe, and nature wars.

PATRICK BOWLES

The Sainted Rogue

The Picaresque Saint. By R. W. B. LEWIS. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Mr R. W. B. Lewis is one of those critics – and I think they are the richer in suggestion – who choose to be in at the birth instead of in at the death. He is interested in the impulse of creation, not in chipping out the grammar of a memorial tablet. In this book he takes Moravia, Camus, Silone, Faulkner, Graham Greene and Malraux to be what he calls representative men – in the Emersonian sense – of this century's second generation of European and American novelists, and he is struck by their common dilemma, the close resemblance in their attitudes to life and their predilection for a special kind of hero: the picaresque saint. What gave them their impulse and how have they used it? Mr Lewis is a spirited and percipient writer and a responsive reader. He has a power of mature and generous judgment. Although he has the habit – commoner in American writing than our own – of raising his hat rather often to many other critics who have touched his subject, and overdoes phrases like 'human condition' and 'discourse' which are becoming clichés, this must be taken as a sign of intellectual excitement rather than as part of the drudgery of academic manners. We nowhere get the impression of the critic thinking himself more gainfully employed than the writer and work he is discussing. And he writes in a style that is pleasant to read.

The initial argument is not new. For the first generation in this century – Joyce, Proust, Thomas Mann – the aesthetic experience was supreme. It was the only approach left for considering a civilisation that had become sterile and was conscious of its own death. Their successors were faced by the destruction of God and man and their interest moved from art to the human: 'the chief experience has been the discovery of what it means to be a human being and to be alive. Criticism, examining this world, is drawn to the more radically human considerations of life and death and of the aspiring sinful nature of man'. Portrait of what is left of a human being replaces *Portrait of the Artist.* Mr Lewis then announces the picaresque saint. He appears in various forms, when religion and faith in another world vanish, when the nihilistic tyranny of the State reigns, and when value has been destroyed by anarchy, war and revolution. There is a sense of total loss. One could only live from day to day. All the writer could do was to participate, as the saint may be said to do, in the sufferings of men:

> At the same time, in what seems to me the most fully developed portraits of the contemporary hero, he is apt to share, not only in the miseries of humanity, but in its gravest weaknesses, too, and even its sins . . . Joe Christmas, the bootlegger and murderer in *Light in August* is more representative and more compelling a fictional creation than the excessively pure corporal in *A Fable* . . . Greene's priest is not only a criminal to be hunted and shot down by the totalitarian government of Tabasco, he is also a sinner against the ecclesiastical laws of the Church . . . It is exactly in their impurity – whether it is reckoned by official morality or any other kind – that the saintly characters achieve and in fact incarnate that trust in life and that companionship that the contemporary novel emphasizes.

And the essence of the impurity is that it is the impurity of outsiders or wanderers, of

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people who have been, literally or morally, 'thrown out' and are alone on the road of moral adventure. They are survivors.

The dangers of a generalisation like this one are obvious; unless corrected by careful reading and by a knowledge of literature's relation with itself, it can become a strait-jacket. The division between generations is itself artificial. Mr Lewis is, for example, in some difficulty in discovering the picaresque saint in Moravia. But he understands Moravia's place in the Italian tradition of a literature of intrigue; he understands that his writing is theatrical, not dramatic, but –

> . . . if Moravia's encounters are sexual rather than political, as in Silone, or religious, as in Greene, the aim is identical – to recover a more faithful image of man at a time when that image has been singularly deformed and betrayed. Measured against that purpose, Moravia's achievement is impressive but partial.

It has the sadness of a police report. But in his recent book, *Two Women*, the suggestion of a battered modern sanctity does emerge, as Mr Lewis says, when the old woman who has told the appalling story of her daughter and herself, reflects that grief had saved them. Like Lazarus they have come out of the tomb of indifference and cruelty into 'our own life, a poor life full of uncertainty and error, but the only life we had to live'. Moravia's stories, indeed, do have that peculiar harsh urgency of 'the only life', the cry of every victim of the last 30 years. Mr Lewis does not ignore Moravia's lop-sidedness as a novelist; but he does a service to a reputation which has suffered from the lack of imagination in some of our prissy Italophils.

With Camus and Silone Mr Lewis's gifts as a critic enlarge. In the former he examines the advance from the ground of indifference into compassion; the saint shows his outline in *The Plague;* not until *The Fall* does the rogue appear with his characteristic protest that one can have too much virtue, though we cannot say that stranger, saint and rogue have yet emerged in one figure. Each preserves his separateness and homelessness. Mr Lewis thinks more highly of *The Fall* than most critics have done, perhaps because it looks like completing his theory; but also because he has, it seems to me, penetrated to the intention that incited Camus as an artist. This essay and the long one on Silone are the best in the work. The saint, in Silone, is the companion and story-teller in man. In terrible distress, we begin again by 'sitting near'. When Communism failed Silone –

> he managed to die into life – a life grounded in the search for community and that the community of free and responsible men everywhere . . . The relation between Silone and his readers is not very different from the relation in his novels between the character who reports on his trip to Rome or his brush with the authorities and the characters who listen in sympathy and wonder, then swap adventures with him.

We live in a camp of refugees. In all these writers, Mr Lewis is seeking what can be called the means by which men assert the sense of life from the bottom of the pit into which they have fallen. They assert that they are not a means. In William Faulkner there is the will to transcendence, in Graham Greene there is charity. Mr Lewis does not set out to discover and criticise a philosophy or to impose one of his own. He understands the artist's sensibility to people and events, and that it cannot be systematised. To expound a temperament is the critic's duty and in this Mr Lewis succeeds and stimulates.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Back to Wigan Pier

Weekend in Dinlock. By CLANCY SIGAL. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

The palmy days are over now if you want to write about how the other half lives. You can't get by, any more, with those interminable lists showing the discrepancy between the rent and the pay-packet, or with the description of Case B, a typical back-to-back in Sheffield. The slag-heaps are still there, and so is the working men's club, but you are dealing, now, with citizens who can afford to pour Scotch down your throat all night in a malicious effort to fell you, and you must put away the notes on Unemployed Man, Married, and talk at last, thank God, about people.

This is something that Mr Sigal brilliantly and penetratingly does in his book, the record of a visit to a number of Yorkshire mining communities which he has telescoped into a composite village called Dinlock. All through this fascinating chronicle I kept wondering how George Orwell would have got on with Mr Sigal's miners who, well-paid, well-fed, with council-houses full of washing-machines and Wolfson furniture to go home to, loll around in the pub complaining about the f——ing Hungarians. I can't imagine Orwell lasting ten minutes in Dinlock, and what is so astonishing is how Mr Sigal, a young American in a white duffle-coat, managed to stay the course in an insular society which has always been suspicious of the sociologist-outsider and which now does not even need him any more.

He did it, it becomes clear, by refusing to be over-awed or over-impressed by his bleak, slag-bound surroundings. He understands the mystique of the miner's life as well as any outsider can understand it but he does not, like Orwell, feel guilty about it. He knows that this miner is inclined to make out his background as worse than it really was; that this one, although a good union official, is a crashing bore; that this one is a coward; he knows when they are trying to impress him and when they are telling the truth. He knows, furthermore, that the whole gang of them are suspicious of this intruding Yank. Orwell, on his masochistic pilgrimage to the mine, tells how he is forced to call a halt and describes how his 'sympathetic' guide, who 'knows that your muscles are not the same as his' says encouragingly, 'Only another four hundred yards'. Mr Sigal, when he goes down the pit (and, incidentally, it might be the same one) is acutely conscious that his guide takes a sardonic pleasure in his discomfort. 'I'm almost knocked off by an over-hanging girder. Up ahead in the moving darkness Bolton chuckles. "Aye, Ah forgot t' tell tha" about certain things lahk that." You old bastard, I say, I ought to bust you.'

Actually, the comparison with Orwell is a weak one. Mr Sigal's book has much more in common with *The Uses of Literacy*. A great deal of it is taken up with a wonderful description of a night out in Dinlock, with the miners weaving a compulsive path between East Club, West Club and pub, and their wives knocking back the Babycham and singing 'Auf Wiedersehn.' There is a description of a quarrel after the pubs close that might have come straight out of D. H. Lawrence. Mr Sigal is incredibly sensitive to the mood and atmosphere of this community. He never over-simplifies his characters, and he never over-complicates them.

I have left until last the theme or thread of

the book, which is an account of a miner-artist called Davie who is trying to break with the pit and devote himself to painting. But as Mr Sigal says, 'the governing rules in Dinlock are as rigid, as unquestioned and sanctified as the rules inside a monastery or a military academy', and Davie is forced back into the pit. Although the story of Davie's agonising decision is movingly told, the main thing about this book is that Mr Sigal describes a section of the working-class from the novel standpoint of an equal, and he does it marvellously well.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

A Man Who Was an Ape

Adventures with the Missing Link. By RAYMOND A. DART, with DENNIS CRAIG. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

The discovery of Australopithecus, the South African ape-man, has led to several changes in our thought about human origins, and Dr Dart is at the centre of them. Though he announced his find in 1924, and claimed it to be the missing link, it is only recently that others have come to agree with his judgment; and in the meantime, undismayed, he and Dr Broom have uncovered a great reach of pre-human history.

The feeling against monkeys dies hard in popular ideas about evolution, and it is indeed a shock to see the human image in the service of primitive and instinctual habits. Something of this shock is given us by Dr Dart's book, in the drawings by William Papas: the gauche and shameless nakedness of his creatures conveys a world of savage possibilities that the text puts into words. There is something worse than monkey business here: monkeys and apes at least eat fruit and plants as their normal diet, but not so Australopithecus. His murderous and carnivorous longings are to be plainly seen in the baboon skulls broken open for their brains, and even in the skulls of his fellow beings. But this murderousness is at the bottom of our humanity. To be able to eat flesh in large amounts, Australopithecus had to be able to kill animals, and since he himself had only weak natural weapons, he had to make use of those borne by the animals he killed. Dr Dart, having found a palaeontological missing link, has also found a cultural one, for here are the earliest proofs that something human is in existence, namely tools and weapons all the way from animal teeth, horn and bones to crude pebble tools.

The use of weapons, as Dr Dart makes out, must be linked with the gaining of an upright posture, which is the physical basis for what we know as Man. It implies coordination of hand and eye, and the ability to throw accurately, which no ape has; it allows a larger brain to be developed, brings about differences in breathing which may lead eventually to the possibility of language; and by exposing the evolving species to a succession of awkward anatomical changes, which make normal methods of defence less possible, it leads to a development of the only thing which can substitute for physical power, namely cunning. That this evolution took place, as far as can be seen, in the veldt rather than in the forest, gives point to this speculation: the veldt, inhabited by numerous large and often ferocious animals, is a place where quickness and cunning are at a premium, as opposed to the forest where escape is always possible into the trees.

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FRANCIS HUXLEY

Most Favoured Nation

The Death and Life of Germany. By EUGENE DAVIDSON. *Cape.* 35*s.*

Mr Davidson's is the sanest account of West Germany's return to power that has yet appeared; and in view of the latent hysteria on the subject from which most of us suffer this ought to be high praise. Mr Davidson does not find Storm Troopers under every bed; nor does he believe that Nazi devils become anti-Communist angels at the stroke of a wand. But then he has the very great advantage, in dealing with this subject, of being an American. Coventry and Belsen apart, it's difficult for us to be enthusiastic about the German success story. (Notably in our post-Suez chauvinism; we persuade ourselves that British Shipbuilding Leads the World, despite the fact that both Germany and Japan have now drawn well ahead.) Not so the Americans; they take a fond parental pleasure in the lusty growth of their West German foster-child. At bottom, it's a healthier relationship than ours; and it enables them to write more sanely about the Germans than we can hope to.

And Mr Davidson, of course, is no innocent abroad. A former governor of Yale University Press, he has spent much time in Germany collecting material for this book. He knows personally many of the people he mentions, and as a fact-finder is hardly to be faulted. Strictly speaking, *The Death and Life of Germany* is not an original historical work; most of the material is published, much of it is familiar. But a careful compilation of this kind is just what is needed to put the recurrent scares about neo-Nazi 'revivals' into perspective (there have been a dozen since 1945, as Mr Davidson shows, but none has come to anything). And if the author's own admiration for West German achievements is frank, it is tempered by a certain irony at his fellow-countrymen's headlong infatuation.

> Germany learned much between 1945 and 1955, and so did the American occupiers. The thinking of Germans and Americans, as well as their uniforms, came to resemble one another. The ebb of anti-Germanism among the American occupiers began slowly in high and low places, but eventually it went with a rush of waters. There was nothing the United States could refuse her new ally . . .

Mr Davidson's book gives us the inside story of the *affaire de cœur* between America and Germany in the Fifties. We are likely to feel neglected; but, jealousy apart, it is probably good for us to read '. . . nor in the long run would it matter if the British blew up the shipyards of Hamburg. If the Americans wanted them rebuilt, they would be.' This is, exactly, how the 'German Miracle' came about; a brutal observation, but a true one.

In all this, Mr Davidson's Americanism is a distinct advantage. But he shares also its limitations. To him, as to most Americans, West Germany provides the proof that rugged individualism is an exportable commodity: the infatuation is not free of an element of self-admiration. Yet, between the lines, the true pattern of the society West Germany has built is not difficult to guess at. Of the 1948 currency reform Mr Davidson remarks:

> When the reform started Germany was economically levelled; except for a handful of people who had kept jewelry and such personal possessions intact, there were no rich . . . the Germans had been brought to economic equality, and in this respect there was little to distinguish between the East and West zones.

Yet in the same breath he admits:

> Those who benefited most were the ones who had something to sell . . . the income tax, while heavy, was designed with loopholes for the benefit of the entrepreneur . . . it meant that a great advantage lay with those who had a start, a supply of goods or the means of making them.

And what this meant, concretely, for the German working class can be deduced even from Mr Davidson's urbane apologetics:

> The German worker, however tempted to increase his share of the bounty, continued at the old rate of pay. There was more to his stoicism than his judgment of what the economy needed. Unemployment figures continued to rise . . .

The Germans had been 'brought to economic equality', as Mr Davidson puts it: but some remained, nevertheless, more equal than others.

Certainly, the latter-day triumph of the Manchester School, under the eupeptic Dr Erhard, has brought home the goods. And this, together with the success of Dr Adenauer's rapprochement with the West, accounts for the repeated failure of the German Socialists to win power (what happens to a party that loses three elections running?). The SPD does not get much space in Mr Davidson's narrative for this reason. Still, if any history of West Germany has to follow in the devious tracks of Dr Adenauer, something more could have been said about East Germany. Politically, what with the rising of 17 June and the imprisonment of Harich, it may make a sad story. But economically, East Germany can't be so easily dismissed any more. As Mr Davidson points out, she now ranks fifth in Europe as a producer. It is here, in East Germany, that the real 'miracle' may have been taking place. For, stripped bare by the Russians and baulked of Marshall Aid, East Germany has had to do it all by tugging at her own boot-straps; following Krushchev, people are already talking of 'overtaking West Germany'. A lot of this is bombast, but not all; and it is a pity Mr Davidson does not tell us more about the 'death and life' of the other half of Germany. But as an account of the West German 'miracle' (though there's nothing supernatural about four billion dollars' worth of aid), Mr Davidson's book is extremely sane, and for that reason alone, much to be recommended.

JOHN MANDER

Critical Conversation

Some Shakespearean Themes. By L. C. KNIGHTS. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

'But *sir*, what did *Shakespeare* think?' – as every schoolboy knows Arnold's mysteriously smiling Victorian sage refused to say, and when we look at some twentieth-century answers, well, perhaps that was the better way. Middleton Murry, Lytton Strachey, Wilson Knight, even Eliot, who marked out its danger, fall foul of the personal heresy. Eliot's Shakespeare (who does not think at all) is a poet, using the confused thought of his age to represent its 'deep surge of general cynicism and disillusionment'. This may be understandable in the author of *The Waste Land*, but as comment on the major tragedies, it is not helpful. Sufficiently warned then, and encouraged by the scholarship which finally dislodged Arnold's silent Genius from his misty perch, most critics have preferred to settle for more tentative conclusions. For if Shakespeare is no longer a divinely uncommitted analyst of the passions, and if he does seriously adapt the language of contemporary orthodoxy to his own thinking, that still doesn't tell us what he does with its ideas. This distinction matters because rational discourse is only one of Shakespeare's 'languages'. There is the poetry, the dramatic symbolisms, the interplay of character, the theatrical language of the plot, and it is only from their final coming-together in particular plays, that the specially Shakespearean assurances emerge. But then, of course, which plays? – so that the problem is not just what did Shakespeare think, but where did he think to a conclusion. These are the questions which Professor Knights undertakes to answer in his *Some Shakespearean Themes.*

Collecting some previously and some freshly published work into 'an extended essay', Professor Knights argues that 'Shakespeare's plays form a coherent whole, that they stem from and express a developing "attitude to life" . . .', and that the key play in this moral autobiography is *King Lear.* Before that, he had questioned; in it, *through* it, he arrived at his certainties; and after it he explored with a vigorous and delicate assurance the deep misgivings of his earlier period in the face of political power, sexual passion, time, appearance and death. The central essays on *Lear* and *Macbeth* are exceptionally fine; the lead-in through the sonnets and *Henry IV* plays suggestive and convincing.

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The main regrets are that the concluding discussion of *Antony* and *Coriolanus* is so short, and that nothing is said about *Othello* and *Measure for Measure*. However, the book stands or falls less in its essays which summary only damages, than in its aim, and with so many distinguished wrecks lining the path it is well to ask what the conditions of success are. Two, certainly: a satisfactory definition of what is meant by Shakespeare's 'thinking'; and a refusal to personalise the content. In both ways, *Some Shakespearean Themes* is notably successful.

> When the imagination judges it does not hold at a distance; it brings close and makes vivid, and of any mode of being it asks only one question – Does this, when most fully realised, when allowed to speak most clearly in its own name, make for life? – life being understood not as random impulse, but *as power* proceeding from an integrated personal centre, rational, clear-sighted and *deeply responsible to all human claims*. [My italics.]

Lear brings close the mode of being which best survives that purgatorial testing, which makes most powerfully for life. This, the relation between Cordelia and her father,

> we may call love as long as we remember that it is not simply an emotion . . . it is the condition of intellectual clarity, the energizing centre from which personality may grow unhampered by the need for self-assertion or evasive subterfuge; it is the sole ground of a genuinely self-affirming life and energy.

The Shakespearean absolute, then, is recognisably Christian, but not in the sense of formally adopting a value that we can document elsewhere. It lives only in the personal instance, *King Lear*; in the personal search that leads there; and no single 'system' can claim a monopoly of that kind of courage. Cordelia's is not the only mode of being the play makes vivid, yet none of these, not even the casual brutality that hangs her effaces her life. But she does hang – this 'love' may be recognisably Christian, but it is not familiar, and not consoling.

Why is the conclusion of this thinking less personal than Murry's or Eliot's? The answer lies, I think, in Professor Knights's description of the book's purpose. He calls it 'an offer of conversation', and the tone of his discussion bears this out. Admittedly, even critical conversation asks you to agree with the critic's sense of the truth, but it always submits that to the conditions which make the truth possible – candour, sensitivity, long thinking, personal commitment to the findings of the search. It is both impersonal and personal at once: impersonal, because the critic doesn't intrude particular needs into his subject, and then impose their 'solution', *i.e.* dress them in Shakespeare's robes; but personal, because to decide upon Shakespeare's selection amongst the received ideas of his time, the critic can only use his own judgment; nobody else's will serve. Professor Knights's conversation seems to me the result of a particularly fine act of judgment, not because his conclusions are acceptable – there is in that sense nothing there to accept – but because he shows how the judging is being done. This is the only way forward. Information and variety of opinion are essential, but without this 'personal' taking-hold of the poet you are left with nothing but 'information-plus-opinion', and this is standing water.

GRAHAM MARTIN

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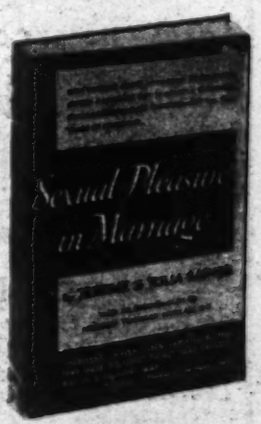

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Edwardian Russia

Memoirs. By ALEXANDRE BENOIS. Trans. MOURA BUDBERG. *Chatto & Windus* 30*s*.

One Man in his Time. By SERGE OBOLENSKY. *Hutchinson*. 25*s*.

The Russians, having now reached that high stage of civilisation which is characterised by the presence of teddy boys in their midst, may soon be expected to take the further step of finding their whole Edwardian period as nostalgically romantic as we are finding ours. When that happens, M. Benois' *Memoirs* may well become one of their first source books. For M. Benois, the painter who is chiefly remembered as a designer for Diaghilev's ballets, has the sunniest memories of the Petersburg he grew up in seventy-five years ago. His was a charmed childhood in a devoted family inhabiting an enchanted city in a civilised epoch. The Benois family were wholly unpolitical, and no shadow of the future disturbed the even tenor of their lives. His grandfather was an architect who built the Mariinsky Theatre as it stands today; among his great-uncles, uncles and cousins were minor composers, archivists and painters.

A many-branched family all contentedly able to devote themselves to the pursuit of one or other of the arts – this is something to which our imaginary nostalgic Russians may well learn to reconcile themselves. What strikes us English as so enviable is the unquestioning acceptance of their calling by these Franco-Russians. No son had to go through the motions of revolt in order to assert his right to paint or compose; his talent was eagerly discovered, carefully nurtured, lovingly developed. Mr Peter Ustinov, a great-nephew of M. Benois, suggests in his preface that this had its dangers, that it resulted in this family in a certain glibness and facility, a failure to face up to their real talent. This, the romantic view of art, found no supporters in this amiable family who were successful enough anyhow to be patronised by their Emperor and to enjoy the not inconsiderable fruits of that patronage. These memoirs of Petersburg at the end of the last century are bathed in the serenity of a civilisation, on the surface benevolent and ordered, in which personality found room to expand in mildly eccentric shapes. M. Benois is particularly good at describing with a compassionate irony the personalities of the many agreeable men and women who surrounded his childhood. So this book with its gentle unemphatic evocation of a happy, harmless layer of Petersburg life may be a good lead in for a Russian in search of his past.

With Serge Obolensky our imaginary Russian might be harder put to it. The reconciliation to the grand land-owning aristocrats will patently take a good deal longer. Prince Obolensky will doubtless argue – it is his great quarrel with the Bolsheviks – that after all his family, and his father especially, and he himself in his turn, were active liberals, and that if they had been allowed to carry on with the reforms they had started they could have brought Russia forward without the necessity for revolution and terror. It doesn't seem to occur to him that they had their chance or that their kind of liberalism was not enough. He thinks he was a democrat because as a boy 'our friends were the sons of the villagers':

> They were good fellows, friendly, amiable, polite, religious – simple and good-hearted country boys . . . as time went on we became personal friends . . . one became our coachman, another a gardener round the house and so on. Peter and I played games with them.

The story of his life as a grandee in Russia with an interval at Oxford ('I had a few horses which I kept at Oxford. This was more or less customary') is routine stuff, as is the account of his escape from the Terror and his counter-revolutionary activities. The events are unavoidably interesting, but Prince Obolensky hasn't the knack of adding anything to them. And his life since? That, too, is more interesting for what he made of it as a man than what he makes of it as a writer. He is certainly to be congratulated on making a success of it at all since such an uprooting might obviously have been disastrous. But his is a rather melancholy sort of success. A splendid specimen of his kind, he could, in the fixed order of the Russia of his youth, at least exercise all those personal qualities that Tolstoy found so charming in the young Rostovs, and in that setting be at least glittered. But what would happen to a Rostov thrown out into the modern world away from his position and his estates? One can easily see him marrying an American heiress, as Obolensky did. One can readily see him at the age of fifty on active operations with the American parachute corps, as Obolensky was. But could one ever foresee that he would end up, as Obolensky has, as public relations and promotion man for a string of posh hotels, proudly listing the names of the film stars and socialites he has lured in to his hotel by installing another smart night-club?

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New Novels

The Parish of Long Trister. By MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM. *Cresset*. 16*s*.

Dust Before the Wind. By ROBERT HOMAN. *Hogarth*. 15*s*.

The Thirteenth Apostle. By EUGENE VALE. *Gollancz*. 18*s*.

Mr Ramsbotham knows his pharisees. From the young cat-kissing rector of Long Trister down, all of them in this first novel learn or have learned (in the words of Bernanos's country priest) 'how easy it is to hate oneself! True grace is to forget'. They opt for something subtler than self-hate and blind themselves with endless opining. They learn to live with themselves; and, symbolically, at the end of the novel the young rector, David Tasney, notes down 'The cruelty of a good conscience. Call no conscience good!' on a slip of paper and pops it into the file marked 'Sermons, ideas for'.

In fact Mr Ramsbotham looks like becoming a drypoint Mauriac. His brittle, scanty story is the merest peg for spiritual exposures managed with unfussing subtlety. Into this village in the Hardy country comes the competent but mother-bound young Tasney. He soon gets involved with, almost engulfed by, the wealthy, tempestuous Hanover family: Laurence, the virile patriarch who has been in and out of Holy Orders; Ruth, his wife, a strong-minded and possessive churchgoer whose only firm bond with him is sex; and their daughter Juliet, as iconoclastic and confused as her father, tied to home yet mentally independent. Laurence has a grown-up illegitimate son with a wild streak who, going from a bad start to an apparently worse end, is arrested for attacking a woman with a cat-o'-nine-tails. The adult delinquent has his juvenile counterpart in Clive Pullen, a problem child from the local boys' home where Juliet works. Gaol temporarily settles the bad son; a stroke settles Laurence; and Clive, after one or two false starts, is settled by being adopted. Meanwhile Tasney and Juliet have fallen in love; they make love and then break, Juliet pretending the child she carries is another man's.

It's all left up in the air; life, momentarily dammed up for analysis, spills forward again. There is room for prediction if we fancy it, because Mr Ramsbotham tells us everything about his characters, complex and devious as they are. Laurence Hanover's wife thinks herself his inferior in godliness, and once would have committed suicide, only she got stuck in cow-dung on the way to the river. Her husband's response to this was to extol the sacredness of the cow. Through revelations such as these, a semi-comic interlude in the shape of a parish concert, Tasney's sudden horror at seeing a pigeon flying high into the approaching night, his little fancy that the priest's study should be 'the Whitehall of the Parish' and Mrs Hanover's frantic devotion to her garden, the novel deepens as it goes and achieves some of the eerie circumstantiality of Bernanos himself. People scuffling about their normal business suddenly find themselves alarmed into purity or knowledge: 'I want to breathe air that only the pure have breathed!' exclaims Juliet. 'The good, the average good, demand a sacrifice for their own sacrifice, a scapegoat', says Hanover to Tasney. In this deeply thoughtful novel the sacrifices seem to be the obscure workings of a retributive justice. All I complain about is the novel's emotional mildness: surely (to borrow from

Bernanos) the sun of Satan could have burned more fiercely on characters and village without consuming them entirely. Mr Ramsbotham seems just the man to anatomise the festering lilies of Protestantism.

Dust Before the Wind is a meaty study of displaced Europeans building an airstrip in Labrador. Here is all the desperate variety of hell: the Englishman obsessed with his own weakness (Low Moral Fibre in the war); Francis, the Cree-Ottawa Indian who protects Claus, the well-educated former SS man, from the summary vengeance of two men who recognise him; Pilot, the ugly, nihilistic Polish ex-flier; Marseilles the French wrestler anxious to better his mind and return to the Mediterranean; Pierre the French-Canadian, lately cuckolded, now on the loose with his best suit and his engineering diplomas. The wind flays them; cement cakes on them; they all lust, expectorate and quarrel. Their world is claustrophobic: food, Bingo, boasting, beer and the slicing cold. One foreman has 'True Love' tattooed across his fingers; a letter on each; but, flotsam on the dollar tide, the DPs only painfully adjust to the raw, rude, self-sufficient Canadians. Francis and Claus decide to leave for Mexico, but a forest-fire intervenes; Claus is murdered by an Italian and thrown into the flames. It's all chasteningly accurate and written in the twitchy, short sentences of a man shivering. Not a phrase lacks impact or colour, not for a moment does Mr Homan relax his busy, punching prose. Down into the bestial or Dostoevskian substratum he probes, without once forcing his effects. The climax, fire and all, is brilliantly handled.

Set in Central America, Mr Vale's prolix epic tells how a humble painter-energumen called Crispian arrives from Detroit for reasons he can't quite explain. Into the jungle he goes, realising en route that he is to do a vast canvas of Christ on Golgotha, and taking with him Mona, the daughter of a boorish mining engineer. They negotiate El Soledad, an awesome mountain, and so reach the summit village of Zapar. Behind them, for a host of inchoate reasons, come Webb, the precise and unyielding US Consul, and the legendary mountain priest, Padre Paolo. The narrative gains in hallucinatory powers as it progresses; Webb, formerly 'on bad terms with the truth', develops new charity and regains his courage, inspired by both the priest's compassion and the painter's mania. After tracing Crispian to the home of Don Hernandez, a kind of Central American Berenson stuck out in the wilds with wife, library, paintings and good cellar, they tackle the mountain. This part is nerve-wracking: one harrowing traverse just leads to another – and, what with flashbacks (some of them italicised), sudden visions of the dead and top-speed meditations on 'every soul's crossroad position', one feels quite giddy. Zapar reached, they find Crispian's corpse and the painting in the tool-shed; and the now regenerated Webb elects to take the canvas grail back down the mountain, alone but soon guided by a *Doppelgänger* hand. One episode in flashback, a poignant sequence with a sleazy whore, is sparely written; so are some parts of the jungle and mountain scenes. But much of the rest is fustian and apocalyptic dressing. Ignore it, and there's a massive,

PAUL WEST

Simone de Beauvoir's *The Mandarins* now appears as a Collins Fontana (5s.); other new Fontanas include the *Autobiography of Thérèse de Lisieux*, translated by Ronald Knox (2s. 6d.).

Back to Tent-Making?

Part-time Priests? Edited by ROBIN DENNISTON. *Sheffington*. 16s.

Last September the Vatican closed down the worker-priest movement in France. Founded in 1943, refounded after suppression in 1954, it was an attempt to bridge the gap between the Church and industry. 'Spiritual dangers' – *e.g.* lack of time for prayer – were the declared reason for closure; but rumour said it was because a worker-priest sometimes became a Communist sympathiser. There is the same gap in England, and the Church of England is tragically short of men and money. Could some clergy take up part-time secular work, to supplement an inadequate stipend? Could some laymen become part-time priests, to staff smaller churches or help busy clergy? In this book 19 churchmen, lay and clerical, examine the possibilities and objections.

The apostle Paul was a tent-maker, and clergy in the early days of Christianity often also had a secular occupation. But gradually both Church and State put up barriers. Canon law debars a cleric from engaging in manual labour, in stewardship of estates, or in any post involving subordination to a layman. The Pluralities Act of 1838 allows him to be a farmer, schoolmaster, manager of a friendly society or a life or fire insurance society, and not much else. Consequently the discussion is largely theoretical, some of the writers seeing need and opportunity, others danger. Should the Perpetual Diaconate be revived, or Lay Readership extended? But only a priest can administer the sacraments, so these seem insufficient. Yet part-time priests might involve administrative and disciplinary problems.

Two contributors have practical experience. The Bishop of Hong Kong has several part-time priests, one of whom, a superintendent dockyard engineer, is now Assistant Bishop of Borneo. The Bishop of Michigan has tried with success several kinds of lay-ministry in his diocese, and is indignant at endless discussion without action elsewhere.

> Instead of pooling our positive experiences and deciding to act, we seem to pool our negative experiences and to avoid a clear policy. We see problems and are afraid to move.

He gives a depressing picture of episcopal debates in which every positive idea, even when backed by experience, is silenced by a single objection.

So not much has yet been done, and it is too early to ask what the trade-union reaction would be. Tentative experiments, here described, show that both sides might benefit.

H. L. SHORT

Week-end Competition

No. 1,561 **Set by Barrow Boy**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between two chairs in or on any one of the following: Hyde Park, a quick lunch bar, Brighton Front, a railway station waiting-room, the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street, a dressing-room at Covent Garden. Limit 150 words (or 14 lines of verse). Entries by 2 February.

Result of No. 1,558 **Set by Hilbrian**

In 1960 is to be celebrated the tercentenary of the restoration of the monarchy. The usual prizes are offered for an epigram (limit 6 lines) suited to the occasion.

SELF-RIDGE

REGINALD POUND

The story of the Chicago emigre who founded the great Oxford Street store, became a millionaire showman and died virtually bankrupt. By the biographer of Northcliffe. *Illustrated*, 25s.

Life in My Hands

WALLY THOMAS

Wally Thomas's own original, amusing and moving story of his fight back to life after an explosion had left him totally blind and deaf. *Illustrated*, 15s.

Barbara Comyns

OUT OF THE RED, INTO THE BLUE

The author of *The Vet's Daughter* tells of the removal of herself, family and assorted pets from a gloomy Kensington hotel to the sunshine of a Mediterranean island. 18s.

Olivia Manning

THE GREAT FORTUNE

"Her latest and most accomplished novel" (*Daniel George*) deals wittily and excitingly with a young English couple in Bucharest on the eve of war. *Monday*, 16s.

To be featured on ABC Television's "The Book Man" on January 24 at 2.20 p.m.

Social Mobility in Industrial Society

S. M. LIPSET & R. BENDIX

England is often seen as a rigid class-divided place with 'no room at the top'; America as *the* 'land of opportunity'. This book shows that neither legend is true, and explains why. *Heinemann Books on Sociology*. 30s.

HEINEMANN

Report

This competition produced an enthusiastic entry, much of which concerned itself with the contrast between the two Charles, Stewart and Windsor, or the Commonwealths of the Protectorate and our own time. I felt that my first discards must be entries confining themselves to the Restoration itself rather than tackling the wider theme of its tercentenary – very reluctantly in the case of E. J. Barton and R. Kennard Davis. The latter ended –

When Charles returned, to be our realm's director,
Men gained a King, but women a Protector.

A guinea each to H. G. Taylor and A. M. Sayers; half a guinea to each of the others printed. Commended: Rushworth Fogg, Hilary, Sara Sharples, J. M. Hendrie.

Crowned heads have toppled fast in Europe since
The Merry Monarch was restored to power;
And some opine that king and queen and prince
Have had their hour.
Three centuries have passed: there's no denying
Our monarchy, like Charles, is long a-dying.

H. G. TAYLOR

'A merry monarch, scandalous and poor'
We gained, when kings we ventured to restore;
Today we have, as proof that fashion pass,
A decent lady of the middle class.

H. A. C. EVANS

With glamourization, we are getting bored.
Can't we have Monarchy once again re-stored?

LEON M. SHIRLAW

1660 – 'Charles shall reign!
We'll all be merry once again!'
After three centuries on the scent,
Have we yet captured merriment?
Not noticeably! Noll, you knave,
Are you still laughing in your grave?

LITTLE BILLEE

When Britain found her Commonwealth a bore,
She let her Monarch function as before
When Monarchy, alas, proved far from wise,
The British showed their skill in compromise,
And made it possible to drink the health
Both of the Monarch *and* the Commonwealth.

A. M. SAYERS

'The King is come again,' they said:
'The Puritans will soon be dead.'
How wrong they were. Those killjoys went
Straight into local government,
And made such bye-laws for the nation
As quite undid the Restoration.

GOODWILL

The Restoration, ending civil strife,
Made possible the British Way of Life.
Indeed, what would the press and BBC
Do, if we had no Royal Family?
Let foreign peoples for republics clamour –
We know that only kings and queens have glamour.

A. J. RYDER

COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

MR D. J. ROBARTS ON MONETARY PLANNING

The 127th annual general meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on 11 February in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (Mr D. J. Robarts):

The liberalisation of credit which began in the summer of 1958 continued during 1959 and has enabled the banks to resume and develop their traditional rôle of supplying credit to their customers for their legitimate needs. Consequently, we have been able to satisfy those of our customers who were formerly prevented by the 'credit squeeze' from obtaining the credit which they needed for the development of their businesses and for all the many purposes for which bank loans are normally granted. This pent-up demand, coupled with a background of high business activity, particularly in the consumer field, has caused our loans and overdrafts to rise by £67,464,181 during the year and the demands upon us for credit continue at a high level.

The Profit and Loss Account shows a net profit for the year of £2,840,971, compared with £2,236,426 for 1958. Together with the amount brought in of £656,142 there is a balance for disposal of £3,497,113. An interim dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid on the capital of £10,513,162 which existed prior to the issue of shares in April last. This absorbed £643,931, leaving available £2,853,182. It is now proposed to deal with this balance as follows: To pay a final dividend of 7 per cent. on the increased capital of £21,026,324, absorbing £901,504, to appropriate £1,000,000 to Reserve Funds and to carry forward £951,678.

North Central Wagon & Finance Company Limited: The freeing of controls upon, and the demand for, credit have enabled the North Central Wagon & Finance Company, too, to have a most active year of business. We are very satisfied with our investment in the Ordinary Share Capital of the Company.

A Good Year for the UK Economy

1959 was a good year for the economy of the United Kingdom. A favourable balance of payments was maintained during the first six months of the year and, while the second half of the year is always more testing than the first, there seems to be no reason to suppose that the figures for the whole year will, when published, reveal other than a satisfactory position.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to make welcome reductions in taxation, both direct and indirect, in his Budget. It is to be hoped that further reductions will be possible in this and subsequent years. Taxation at the present level in peace time is still a most serious handicap to the efforts of industry to accumulate the capital necessary for its modernisation and expansion.

Radcliffe Report

A memorable event during the year was the publication of the Report of the Committee on the Working of the Monetary System. Naturally, we were pleased to note that the Committee had little fault to find with the way the banks conduct their business.

We welcome the view expressed by the Radcliffe Committee that discriminatory action against the banks, unaccompanied by general restrictions on all classes of lenders, is difficult to justify under normal conditions, and that in times of emergency restrictions on the lending operations of the banks should be combined with other restraints. The main problem of monetary planning is to foresee the probable course of events and to take the minimum corrective action at the earliest possible moment, long before any definite evidence of the need for such action may be reflected in statistics.

Unfortunately, we have not yet succeeded in developing a radar system for our financial pilots which will probe into the future course of events and warn us of rocks or other dangers enveloped in the mists of the future. We have to trust our pilots to do their best to anticipate what is to come, remembering that, in the monetary field, there is always a time-lag before restrictive action can be fully effective and usually a longer time-lag still before there is much response to any expansion of credit. What the economy of the country needs is small, and if necessary, frequent adjustments rather than sudden and spectacular jolts of monetary policy. The banks are in more direct contact with the trend of business thinking than the central authorities, while those authorities are better informed on other aspects of the national and international situation than the banks, and the closer the consultation between them the better it will be.

City Lights

Mr Dillon may be coming or going, the franc may be tottering or quietly shrugging off Mr Pinay's departure, but the City is still busy with take-over bids. The largest of the present batch is for Lancashire Dynamo, a solid firm which makes solid things like motors (and dynamos), transformers and rectifiers, and which has developed an electronics section with considerable success during the past few years. Metal Industries, a mixed group which is concentrating more and more on its engineering interests, has been sniffing around for some time past: Lancashire Dynamo's range of products, it seemed, would dovetail very nicely into that of Metal Industries – instruments and control gear, on the one hand, hydraulic and mechanical engineering on the other – enable it to offer a complete range of power control machinery, and make it possible to compete effectively with the giants. After a vague approach a year ago, however, Metal Industries did nothing more but think about the matter – the fact that Lancashire Dynamo changed its chairman seems to have been of some importance – until it heard rumours that merger discussions were going on with somebody else; it then reacted very quickly indeed and issued a bid, without consulting the directors of Lancashire Dynamo, on Christmas Eve. The other party, it became known last week, is Electric & Musical Industries, a much larger group which is now only half interested in records (though it still produces a quarter of the world's total), has developed a considerable know-how in electronics on the back of the guided missiles programme, realises that the market for computers is limited, and is anxious to form a link with a firm which knows its way about the heavier end of the electrical business. Lancashire Dynamo, it seems, is the only suitable partner of any size in sight; EMI decided to come out with a surprisingly generous counter-bid which the directors of Lancashire Dynamo promptly chose to recommend. Metal Industries, however, has gone one further, and it will not be long before the shares of Lancashire Dynamo, like the shares of several companies recently involved in the take-over auction, reach a price double what it was before the rumpus began a few weeks ago.

The Reyrolle-Parsons affair is much more gentlemanly; both are heavy electrical concerns in much the same line of business, Reyrolle already owns 40 per cent of Parsons, a merger is the most natural thing in the world, and the only problems involved are technical ones – deciding who is to take over whom and on what terms. The anonymous counter-bidder for Foster Clark has pulled out on the reasonable excuse that St Martin Preserving has already received more than the 25 per cent of acceptances necessary to block any special resolution: the chairman of Foster Clark is still trying desperately to save his firm from a fate worse than death, but there is nothing much in sight. Aspro-Nicholas (Aspro, Lifeguard, Dip) is bidding for Griffith-Hughes (Kruschen, Rennies, Kwells, Shavex) and Prestige for O-Cedar.

* * *

These household names – and there seem to be an endless string of them – drive the stags mad with desire. Every new issue succeeds at the moment, and any issue with a familiar name is bound to go like a bomb: Mr Hugh Fraser's offer of £2m of shares in

COMPANY MEETING

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN, SIR THOMAS D. BARLOW, G.B.E.

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank Ltd., prior to the 130th annual general meeting to be held on Friday, 12th February, at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said :—

On reference to the accompanying Balance Sheet it will be seen that we have considerably strengthened our Capital and Reserve structure. The combined figure amounts to £10,750,000 and does, I think, provide a substantial basis for the Bank's steadily growing activities.

Current, Deposit and other Accounts, which have been running at a high level throughout most of the year, now stand at £268,000,000 and exceed last year's figure by £13 millions. The upward movement, reflecting as it does the general trend of banking figures, is closely associated with the marked expansion in trade.

Not surprisingly the larger resources and the increased tempo of business have been responsible for important variations in the composition of our assets. Cash, Money at call and short notice, Treasury Bills and Bills of Exchange are higher in total and in proportion to our deposit liabilities than they were at the end of 1958.

On the other hand Investments are reduced by nearly £13 millions. This decline has been brought about by the need to make provision for the increased accommodation required by customers. All our holdings of British Government Securities are repayable at fixed dates and appear in the Balance Sheet below their market value. In the course of the year we added to our substantial holding in the Astley Industrial Trust Ltd. when a rights issue was made to shareholders. We have been happy to play a part in helping the company to extend still further its activities.

Last year we opened branches at Newport, Taunton, Cannock, Milford Haven, Portsmouth and Curzon Street, London, and plans are well advanced for other new offices, the first of which will be opened at Guildford within the next few weeks.

Net Profit at £863,898 is £125,701 higher than that of the previous year and, with the amount brought forward, the disposable balance is £1,215,687.

A £300 Art Training Grant for boy or girl aged 15 or 16 is the principal award in the 1960 National Exhibition of Children's Art, organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

Write (or details to:
National Exhibition of Children's Art Award Leaflet G, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4
Closing date for entries, 2nd March, 1960.

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WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

A PERIOD OF STEADY EXPANSION

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on 10 February in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated Statement by the Chairman, The Rt Hon Lord Aldenham, for the year ended 31 December 1959.

Our profit after tax for the year was £2,506,101, some £436,000 higher than in 1958. This increase reflects not only an improvement in trading experience but also the beneficial effect of the reduction in the rate of income tax which came into operation in 1959.

Against this background, we have felt able to pay a final dividend of 1s 2d per share on the 'B' shares. That is to say 2d per share more than forecast last June when we announced our proposals, subsequently approved by the Shareholders, concerning the increase in Capital outlined in the formal Report.

It is good to see the result of a period of steady expansion and development in an atmosphere of freedom from restrictions and some easement in the burden of taxation. We have, however, to bear in mind that expansion and greatly increased activity in general do not necessarily go hand in hand with comparable higher profits, owing to greater operating costs of which Staff expenses are by far the most important.

During 1959 our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts have increased by £62 million to a new peak figure of £979 million. Contributing to this rise in our resources was a very substantial element of new business: the number of Current Accounts added to our books exceeded by a large margin the highest annual increase on our records. We are looking forward to a continuous inflow of new account holders from all walks of life, stimulated we hope by the legislation now in prospect designed to permit payment of wages into a bank account or by encashable cheque.

Benefits of Freedom

Looking at the Assets side of our balance sheet, the most important feature is the rise of £97 million in our Advances, again to a new peak. The form of lending known as Personal Instalment Loans has proved to be very attractive and a welcome source of new business and we are well satisfied with the results of our entry into this field.

Against the background of rising Advances, liquidity considerations have been in the forefront throughout the year and the maintenance of an adequate ratio has meant a running down of our gilt-edged Investments. You will see from the Accounts that this item has been reduced by £60 million.

Our Trade Investments now include the acquisition in 1958 of a 20% interest in Mercantile Credit Company Limited. This has proved a very worth-while investment.

Branch Policy

In January last we were the first bank in the country to open an office incorporating drive-in facilities; this was established on an eminently suitable site at Princes Road, Liverpool, and extensive use of it has been made during the course of the year. We recently introduced at our Bullion Office in London what is believed to be the largest coin-sorting and counting machine in the country and we are thus able better to satisfy our customers' wide-spread demands for silver sorted into all denominations. Perhaps the most interesting and most important development, however, was our application in November of a closed circuit television technique to the needs of our customers in the Manchester area.

Expansion with Stability

For the country as a whole the year has been one of steady expansion in production, stimulated by concessions in the Budget and by the increasing use made of bank loans and other forms of credit. The expansion has been sound since it has been based on fuller use of industrial capacity, with a corresponding rise in productivity. Costs have also been helped by a continuance of moderate prices four our imports. These factors have in turn ensured a notable stability of retail prices. Personal savings, which have again been good, have also made their contribution to stable prices.

A year ago the trend of unemployment was causing concern. The figures for the country as a whole have since improved; but there are bad patches of local unemployment. It is satisfactory to know that the whole problem of unemployment is very much in the mind of the Government, and in the Local Employment Bill it has indicated the further powers it proposes to take to deal with this difficult question.

The balance-of-payments position remains good, and in consequence sterling has continued to be strong in spite of, or perhaps it may be more true to say, because of, the steps taken towards fuller convertibility. In fact, sterling withstood both the expansion in this country and the uncertainty of a General Election year. We have been able during the past year to repay ahead of time our indebtedness to the U.S. Export-Import Bank, amounting to £89 million. We have also repaid £71 million borrowed from the I.M.F. at the end of 1956. We have, moreover, during the year made a payment of £58 million to the I.M.F. as the gold portion of our increased quota. After these actions, and after making the annual payment of £66 million on the North American loans, our gold and dollar reserves are only £119 million less than a year ago.

Distribution of Gold

There has been a good deal of loose talk about the weakness of the United States' dollar, talk which has been brought about by the very considerable loss of gold by the United States. It seems unrealistic to think of a weak currency in a country which still has such a large favourable balance of trade. The redistribution of gold has, however, been at a rather rapid pace in recent months and it is fair that Americans should expect this country, and other countries of Europe, to carry rather a greater share of the provision of capital for underdeveloped countries than at present. We in this country have been doing a lot in this direction in the past few years, particularly in the Commonwealth countries to whom we have a special responsibility.

During the year there have been rapid developments in the arrangements between the six Common Market countries and the emergence of the European Free Trade Association of the seven. It would be infinitely better if one bloc could have been formed instead of two. At the moment the prospect of forming a bridge between the two blocs is not good; but there is undoubtedly a desire, shared in the United States, for some form of accommodation to be reached.

Economically the outlook is encouraging; so encouraging that during 1959 many ordinary shares rose to prices where the yield became much less than that on British Government securities: a most unusual position. It is worth remembering that when very many of us are reading our barometers as "Set Fair" it is time to watch your step.

his investment company brought in £50m of applications. This sort of atmosphere is very pleasant for the vendor, who gets a better price than he would otherwise have got, but it is a great nuisance for the merchant banks who handle the arrangements for the issue and the various people concerned with the details of share transfers. One bank, when a small offer of shares in a company with a household name was massively over-subscribed, recently suggested that it was thinking of making such offers by tender. Hambros, taking the hint, drew up a scheme for offering shares by tender in Farley's Infant Food. The Stock Exchange Council, however, decided that this tendering business – it used to be common, but is common nowadays only for treasury bills and waterworks issues – needed more consideration. Farley's is being placed in the usual way.

* * *

The stock market has had one or two fits of the jitters recently. The bank chairmen have been making disapproving noises about the level of prices, the professional tipsters are finding it difficult to produce anything to tip, interest rates abroad (and the bill rate at home) are still edging their way slowly upwards. The market is living at the moment on easy credit, the bid fashion, and a swarm of amateur gamblers, and it is bound to suffer a setback of some kind – not necessarily very great or for very long – as soon as the sense of cold reality returns. It may not be long. The latest Board of Trade estimates suggest that businessmen have revised their ideas drastically since the election and that the investment boom has finally arrived. Although the 16 per cent increase in fixed investment now forecast is largely accounted for by the motor and steel industries (and possibly includes the Steel of Wales strip mill project which the Iron and Steel Board is chary of approving), these things have a way of snowballing rapidly. Moreover, the government will be less reluctant to check the growth of consumption or recognise the rise in short-term rates abroad now that the long-awaited investment boom has turned up. At the moment, certainly, there seems to be plenty of slack still to take up, the wage outlook is reasonable, and sterling is firm; but the fact that the Federation of British Industries has turned down the Chancellor's price-cutting policy suggests that, until we finally establish some sensible machinery to deal with wages and profits, Chancellors will have to continue to be over-cautious.

* * *

Company News

De Beers has spiked the threat of Russian diamond sales at cut prices by arranging that all Russian exports should be sold through the De Beers Central Selling Organisation; even a Communist government can appreciate the benefits of monopoly. *Woolworth* has pushed up its net profit before tax by £2.7m to £28.3m, its highest ever. *Bowmaker*, the HP finance company associated with *Lloyds Bank*, reports profits very close to the figure forecast last September; the fact that the dividend is higher than that forecast is clearly due to the rise in HP debtors from £22m to £51m and in unearned charges – which will make next year's profit – from £1.7m to £5.2m.

TAURUS

MIDLAND BANK

Extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. The VISCOUNT MONCKTON OF BRENCHLEY, P.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.C., Q.C.:

It is good to be able to look back upon a year in which strong recovery took place from a prolonged hesitancy in the process of economic expansion. The opportunity presented by our success in overseas trade, a healthy balance of payments and an improvement of our international monetary position has been taken to move further towards liberation from currency controls.

An analysis of shareholdings in this Bank, based upon data extracted at the beginning of 1959, showed that, out of about 64,700 separate holdings, 56,300 were registered in the names of individuals (divided in the proportion of nearly two to one between female and male) and 6,300 in joint private names. Well over nine-tenths of all these holdings were of 500 shares or less, and almost one-quarter were of up to fifty shares only. Personal shareholdings made up probably three-quarters of the number of shares, only one-quarter being accounted for by nominee companies, pension funds, insurance companies, unit trusts and all other corporate investors. Thus we are still, in terms of ownership, a company of comparatively small, personal investors.

After sixteen months, the number of personal loans and the aggregate amount outstanding on them are continuing to rise steadily; indeed, the number of loans current is well over three times as large as a year ago. Personal cheque account facilities have brought tens of thousands of new customers to the Bank with several millions of pounds to their credit. The number of customers' accounts of all kinds has risen by fourteen per cent over the past sixteen months, as compared with 5½ per cent over the preceding thirty-two months. The largest components of the recent increase have been personal loan accounts and ordinary current accounts.

Last autumn we announced that in approved cases and for capital purposes we would be prepared to grant loans to farmers, to be repaid by annual reductions over a term of years, subject to recall on demand only if it were to become evident that the farmer's business itself was in jeopardy. We also decided to institute a system of "term loans" —that is loans of fixed amounts, repayable by regular instalments over periods of up to ten years—for the development of small businesses.

Recently the last hand-posting branch in our system was equipped with the standard machines for posting ledgers and preparing customers' current account statements. In order to lessen the manual task of machine operators, we are now experimenting with ledger-posting machines that substantially enlarge the scope of automatic operation. Then, too, a great deal of research work has been carried out on methods for the automatic sorting of cheques and other vouchers and on the possibilities of high-speed computers.

We are pressing on with these developments, to meet the growth of business arising from the widening range of banking service as more and more people come to realize the value, in terms of security and convenience, of a bank account; and the extension of facilities in forms which tend to widen still further the range of banker-customer relations. We welcome this trend and are resolved to do everything we can to go along with it.

The one hundred and twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting of the Bank will be held on February 12 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.2.

The Chess Board

No. 532 Hastings Note Book

With an all-Averbakh competition last week I might as well begin this piece with his pretty win against Kottnauer, one of the few brevities in a tournament remarkable for quite a few lengthy games.

(1) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (2) P-Q4, B-Kt2; (3) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (4) P-K4, P-K4; (5) P-Q5, Kt-K2; (6) P-KR4, P-KR4; (7) B-K2, QKt-Q2; (8) Kt-R3, P-R4; (9) P-B3, Kt-QB4; (10) Kt-B2, Kt-Kt1!

The exclamation mark is Averbakh's who praised his opponent's determination to find better chances for his Kt.

(11) B-Kt5, P-KB3; (12) B-K3, B-KR3; (13) Q-Q2, B-Q2; (14) P-KKt4, BxB; (15) QxB, Q-K2; (16) O-O-O, O-O-O, (17) Kt-Q3, KtxKt; (18) RxKt, P-Kt3? (K-Kt1!); (19) P-B5!, QPxP . . . KtPxP would be refuted by Kt-Q1 and R-Kt3; (20) P-Q6!, Q-K3. Practically forced. . . . PxQP being refuted by Kt-Q5; (21) PxBP, R-B1; (22) KR-Q1, resigns.

In the Premier Reserves the victor B. Cafferty (deservedly qualifying for next year's Premier) won this neat game against Mardle.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, QKt-Q2; (4) B-QB4, P-QB3; (5) O-O, B-K2; (6) PxP, PxP; (7) Kt-Kt5, Kt-R3; (8) Kt-K6!, PxKt; (9) BxKt, Kt-Kt3; (10) Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; (11) Q-K2, Q-Q5?; (12) B-Kt3, QxKtP; (13) Kt-Q2, B-Q2; (14) P-QR4, B-Kt5; (15) P-R5, BxKt; (16) QxB, Kt-B1; (17) QR-Q1, Q-Q5; (18) Q-Kt5, Q-B4; (19) Q-B6, R-Kt1; (20) BxP resigns.

Another incisive game with a lot of cut and thrust on both sides was Dr Cherubim's win against Thomas.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-B4; (3) P-Q5, P-QKt4; (4) PxKtP, P-K3; (5) PxP, BPxP; (6) Kt-KB3, P-Q4; (7) P-K3, B-Q3; (8) Kt-B3, O-O; (9) B-K2, B-Kt2; (10) O-O, Q-K2; (11) Q-B2, QKt-Q2; (12) P-QR4, P-K4; (13) Kt-R4, Kt-K5; (14) KtxKt, PxKt; (15) B-B4 ch, K-R1; (16) P-KKt3, P-Kt4; (17) Kt-Kt2, R-B6; (18) B-Q2, QR-KB1; (19) QR-Q1, R(1)-B3; (20) P-R5, R-R3; (21) B-B3, Q-K1; (22) Q-Q2, Q-R4; (23) P-R4, PxP; (24) QxB, RxQ; (25) RxR, Kt-B3; (26) KtxP, Q-Kt4; (27) P-R6, BxP; (28) RxB, Kt-Kt5; (29) RxP, P-R4; (30) KtxR, resigns.

Rather more of a "push-over" was this game of the Yugoslav lady champion Milunka Lazarevic (who should have been put in a much tougher section; indeed, she wouldn't have been out of her depth in the Premier Reserves).

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-B4, P-KKt3; (4) Kt-KB3, B-Kt2; (5) B-K2, P-Q3; (6) O-O, Kt-KB3; (7) Q-K1, P-QR3; (8) P-QR4, O-O; (9) P-Q3, B-Q2; (10) Q-R4, Kt-Q5; (11) B-Q1, P-KR4; (12) P-KR3, P-K3; (13) P-KKt4, P-QKt4; (14) Kt-Kt5, PxKtP; (15) RPxP, Q-B2; (16) P-K5, PxKP; (17) PxKP, Kt-R4; (18) PxKt, Kt-B4; (19) RxKt, resigns.

And here's a nice break-through achieved by Dr Pank Hoggendoorn of Dordrecht, Holland. /5k2/6p1/7b/p2p1p1p/Pp1P1P1P/4P3/2K5/2B5/. (1) . . . P-Kt4!; (2) BPxP, BxP; (3) PxB, P-R5; (4) P-K4, P-R6!; (5) B-B4, BPxP, and White resigned.

Finally, a position achieved by Barden (Black) against Fuller. /24/5k2/6pp/2P5/PP3K2/8/. White pushed his RP and was mated. Which P should he have pushed to make sure of the draw? and this might as well serve as A, the 4-pointer for beginners.

Both *B* and *C* are wins for White, and the former shouldn't be too difficult for 6 ladder-points with the helpful hint that the third and decisive move contains a somewhat surprising *dénouement*. C (for 7 points) would rank as a brilliancy even if we didn't know that its author was only 18 when he composed it.

B: *S. Simkovitch* 1926: /1k6/8/3P4/3kt4/3R4/8/6K1/1b6/.

C: *T. B. Gorgiev* 1929: /3b3k/4kt3/16/7B/16/5KR1/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 1 February.

REPORT ON NO. 529. SET 2 JANUARY

A: (1) . . . B-K6 ch; (2) BxB, Kt-B7; (3) BxKt, Q-Q7 ch; (4) K-Kt1, Q-Q8 ch; (5) K-R2, QxP mate.

B: (1) Kt-K6, B-K8 (R5); (2) Kt-B5 ch, K any; (3) Kt-K4. If (1) . . . B-Kt6: (2) Kt-Q4 ch, K any; (3) Kt-B3.

C: (1) P-B7, R-R3 ch; (2) B-R3!, RxB ch; (3) K-Kt2, R-R7 ch!; (4) K-B1! (K-B3?), R-R8 ch; (5) K-Q2, R-R7 ch; (6) K-K3, R-R6 ch; (7) K-B4, R-R5 ch; (8) K-Kt5, R-Kt5 ch!; (9) K-R6!, R-Kt1; (10) Kt-K7, B-K3; (11) PxR (Q) ch, BxQ; (12) Kt-Kt6 mate.

C not counting in the ladder owing to the misprint. C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. P. Furmston, A. J. Sobey guessed that the '6' should read 'b'. They share the prizes with G. Roblin.

COMPANY MEETING

STEWARTS AND LLOYDS LIMITED

REVIEW OF OPERATIONS AND DEVELOPMENTS AT HOME & OVERSEAS

CONTINUED HIGH RATE OF CAPITAL EXPENDITURE

MR. A. G. STEWART ON IMPROVED CURRENT TRADING

The 70th Annual General Meeting of Stewarts and Lloyds Limited will be held in the Merchants' Hall, 30, George Square, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 10 February, 1960, at 12.15 p.m. The Accounts for the fifty-three weeks ended 3 October, 1959, have been circulated with a Statement by MR. A. G. STEWART, the Chairman, which reads as follows:

The trading profit of the Stewarts and Lloyds Group for the year ended 3 October, 1959, amounted to £11,077,000 before tax and before charging £1,500,000 for Fixed Assets Replacement Reserve. This is a fall of £3,188,000 in comparison with the previous year.

The table below sets out in a form similar to that adopted in past statements the proportions in which the decrease in the profits as compared with the previous year is accounted for between Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, as a manufacturing company, home subsidiaries, and the earnings from trade investments and overseas companies.

	Profit	% of Total Profit	Decrease/Increase*	
	£		£	%
S. and L. Limited	5,728,000	52	2,782,000	33
Home Subsidiaries	2,517,000	23	713,000	22
Trade Investments and Overseas Companies	2,832,000	25	307,000*	12*
	£11,077,000	100	£3,188,000	

Shareholders will have been prepared for this decline in profits. It was anticipated at the time of the last Annual General Meeting in February, 1959, and was referred to at the time of the Interim Dividend Declaration in June, 1959. It was also mentioned in my letter dated 28th October, 1959, circulated on the occasion of the recent "Rights" Issue. In that letter I stated that preliminary estimates indicated that the Group trading profit before tax would be in excess of £10 million. At the time that those estimates were prepared, the Accounts had, of course, not been audited and we were indeed awaiting the trading results for the last month of the financial year which were in the event considerably better than for previous months.

Owing to a reduction in the amounts required to be set aside for taxation and to an increase in comparison with the previous financial year in non-recurring income, the profit available for appropriation by Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, is only slightly lower than that of the previous year. As anticipated at the time of the Interim Dividend announcement, your Directors are proposing the same rate of Ordinary Dividend as last year.

Tonnages despatched during the year were:—

	53 weeks ended 3 October, 1959			52 weeks ended 27 September, 1958	
	Tons	% of Total	% Variation on 1957/58	Tons	% of Total
Steel Tubes:					
Home, excluding Oil	450,000	54	+ 6	424,000	49
Oil Industry—Home	24,000	3	−38	39,000	5
Export, excluding Oil	232,000	28	+25	186,000	21
Oil Industry—Export	127,000	15	−41	217,000	25
	833,000	100	− 4	866,000	100
Spun Iron Pipes and Castings:					
Home	246,000	74	nil	247,000	74
Export	87,000	26	nil	87,000	26
	333,000	100	nil	334,000	100

Continued overleaf

Continued from previous page

Accounts and Finance

No special comment appears to be necessary on the form of the Accounts, which follows that adopted in the past few years.

The further reduction in the liability for U.K. income tax has occurred, due to the fall in trading profit, the increased capital allowances and the considerable benefit derived from the reduction in the standard rate of income tax.

The increase in non-recurring income in comparison with the previous year, which has helped to maintain the Profit Available for Appropriation, is due to two main causes. Firstly, we received from an associated company a special dividend amounting to £1,000,000 (net) in respect of profits accumulated over a number of years, and secondly, £450,000 Provision for Taxation is no longer required because of the reduction in the standard rate of income tax.

As I forecast in my Statement last year, increasing recourse had to be made to bank borrowings, and net U.K. overdrafts rose from £5,940,000 at the beginning of the year to £11,251,000 at the end of the year. This further recourse to bank borrowing was due to the continued high rate of capital expenditure. Considerable efforts were made to postpone some of the intended capital investments and as a result the figure of capital expenditure at home and overseas fell from the peak of £17,000,000 in 1957/58 to £11,700,000 in the year under review. It is emphasised that the reduction in capital expenditure was achieved by postponement of schemes where this has been possible, and there is a considerable programme still to be met. The balance of schemes authorised by the Board at the end of September last amounted to £18,719,000.

Since the end of the financial year the removal of political uncertainties, at any rate for the time being, has at last made it possible for us to fund our indebtedness to the banks. As soon as the result of the Election was known, your Board decided to proceed immediately with a "Rights" Issue of Ordinary Shares. This met with an excellent response and 7,000,000 shares were taken up on a "Rights" basis of seven new shares for every 20 existing shares held, at a price of 40s. per share. The final instalments due in respect of this issue will be received during this month and our need to rely on bank borrowings will temporarily disappear. It should, however, be pointed out that in spite of this money the capital programme ahead of us will mean that we shall for some time need the assistance of our bankers who have assured us of their support.

Trading Position

In my letter circulated at the time of the "Rights" Issue in October last, I stated that

"apart from our business with Oil Companies which still gives no immediate indication of an overall revival, our trading operations have shown an improvement in recent months and, in the absence of unforeseen circumstances, it is expected that this improvement will continue during the financial year which has just commenced with a resultant increase in profits. If these anticipations are realised, your Directors would hope to be able to pay for the year to 1 October, 1960, total dividends of not less than 11 per cent. on the Ordinary Capital as increased by the new issue to £27,000,000."

There is nothing in our trading experience since that date which would lead us to change that opinion.

(a) Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited

As will be seen, 833,000 tons of steel tubes were despatched in the year compared with 866,000 tons in the previous year.

The slight improvement in home trade demand for general purpose tubes in sizes up to 4" diameter referred to in my statement last year, continued throughout the first half of the year under review, though not at as high a rate as we had hoped and it was not until the last quarter that there was a really marked upward trend. The year ended with demand for this category of tubes very firm.

Home trade demand for quality tubes, throughout our range has also improved but not to the same extent as for general purpose tubes. In particular, there was an improvement in the last few months of the financial year in the demand for seamless tubes in the larger diameters, when the effects of the lifting of Government restrictions on public capital expenditure were beginning to be felt.

The good home trade order book for large diameter mains with which we began the year diminished gradually and backlogs were overtaken. One or two good contracts were in prospect at the end of the year including that for 13,000 tons for the Daer, Lanarkshire, Water Board which we have since obtained.

In the first year of marketing rectangular hollow sections, sales have fully come up to our expectations and much valuable experience has been gained.

As was announced in June and again in October, the financial year was a most disappointing one for our trade with the Oil Industry. The tonnage despatched was 151,000 tons which was 41% less than in the previous year. Bookings for supply during the first quarter of the financial year were higher than in the previous quarter but the improved trend was not maintained. There was a marked drop in new bookings in the second quarter of the financial year and our despatches were lower than in any quarter of the previous financial year. Bookings increased again during the third quarter and towards the end of the financial year there was a considerable improvement in our order book. This improvement, however, was due not to any overall increase in demand from the Oil Companies but rather to a few large orders which we received for special pipe line projects. The most important of these orders was from the Burmah Oil Company covering 32,000 tons of 16" diameter line pipe required for shipment between September 1959 and March 1960. This pipe line will connect oil fields in Upper Assam to a refinery which will be built near Gauhati. H.M. Government's action in providing finance to the Government of India was of considerable assistance to us in obtaining this order.

Despatches for export to customers other than the Oil Industry amounted to a total of 232,000 tons—an increase of 25% over the preceding year. Of this tonnage, 165,000 tons were Gas List tubes—an all-time record for our exports of this category, though prices in some cases were considerably lower than those of the previous year. Other categories showed small improvements except in the case of poles and water well casing.

Boiler tube exports have improved and in most markets Electric Resistance Weld tubes are being more readily accepted in place of seamless.

Some good orders for seamless tubes were obtained from Russia. These will be of considerable assistance to us in filling our cold drawn seamless capacity in the first six months of the current financial year.

Overall, the tube works operated during the year at 79% of capacity—the same rate as in the previous year, but there was a reduction in operations at those works manufacturing material for the Oil Industry. This resulted in a substantially reduced rate of working in relation to capacity in the steel works primarily concerned.

We increased our efforts to sell steel in other forms both at home and abroad. Our efforts for export met with considerable success, despatches amounting to 75,000 tons compared with 11,000 tons in the previous year. To obtain this volume of export business meant naturally that very low prices had to be quoted.

The reasons for the decrease in the trading profits of Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, as a manufacturing company, can be summarised as being, firstly, lack of occupation at tube works supplying the Oil Industry and consequent lack of occupation at the steel works concerned, and, secondly, lower prices for a large part of our export business, particularly for our steel exports. In addition, Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, and its subsidiaries at home absorbed increases in wages, salaries, railway freights and local authority rates without compensating increases in prices of the Companies' products.

(b) The Stanton Ironworks Company, Limited

Despatches of spun iron pipes and iron castings in the home and export markets were at levels very similar to those of the previous year. Trading conditions at home were difficult: but a marked improvement in spun iron pipes business was experienced in the latter months. In face of severe world competition Stanton again maintained its relative position in export markets.

The demand for general concrete products developed satisfactorily. Despatches of prestressed concrete pipe for water service increased by almost 20%.

The home demand for foundry pig iron showed little change and the requirements of steelmakers for basic pig iron from merchant sources were further reduced. In order to maintain activity at the blast furnaces at a level similar to that of the previous year, it was necessary to seek outlets for pig iron in export markets. This endeavour was markedly successful and overall despatches of foundry pig iron were more than 30% higher than in the prevous year.

(c) Tubewrights Limited

Development work on the use of tube for structural and general engineering purposes has continued unabated. The great variety of work undertaken included a 220 ft. span Transit Shed for the Port of London Authority, together with Level-Luffing Cranes of completely tubular construction; multi-track Gantries for British Railways electrification schemes; and the first all-tubular Transmission Line Towers in Great Britain for the South of Scotland Electricity Board.

(d) Stewarts and Lloyds Plastics Limited

The turnover of our Plastics Company increased during the year. This was achieved owing to the high quality of our product and in the face of severe competition from other plastic tube makers. This business is still primarily limited to agricultural cold water supplies.

Trading Prospects for the Current Year

Home trade prospects for 1960 for general purpose tubes are better than they have been for some time. The growth of industrial production and the higher level of investment in building are contributing to an expansion of the economy and a consequent increase in the demand for tubes.

The Company is taking active steps to meet the requirements of the newer industries, such as nuclear power. The production of alloy steel and alloy steel tubes is being further developed and increased. Reference has been made in the Press to the decision taken by Imperial Chemical Industries and ourselves to form a small company to manufacture all kinds of extended surface steel tubing largely required for nuclear power development.

Export trade demand for general purpose tubes is likely to remain strong at least for some months ahead.

So far as the Oil Industry is concerned, however, there is still doubt about prospects in the near future.

Stanton experienced a notable quickening in the tempo of business in the latter months of the financial year. This particularly affected spun iron pipes and general concrete products. The improvement has been maintained in the current year and the indications are sufficiently encouraging to lead us to expect improved trading in these products in 1960. There are also clear signs of revival in the ironfounding industry which has already brought about an improvement in foundry pig iron business.

Operations and Developments

(a) Ironstone

There was an increase of 5% in the production of the Group which rose to 4,400,000 tons. The requirements of the Corby blast furnaces increased but elsewhere the demands were relatively low.

There are indications that the requirements of ironstone are likely to increase substantially over the next 10 years and our exploration work for the proving of our reserves is proceeding as rapidly as possible.

The new large walking dragline, which we are installing in our Cowthick Quarry, is nearly complete. During the past year a five-mile long aerial ropeway has been constructed to bring ore to Corby from a newly developed quarry at Rothwell.

Preparations are being made for the development of a new ironstone quarry at Great Oakley near Corby. The capacity will be 450,000 tons a year and a large walking dragline will be installed to remove the overburden, which rises to 100 ft. thick. The quarry will be in production in 1964.

Our exploration jointly with The United Steel Companies Ltd. of the unproved reserves of the Northampton Sand Ironstone Bed in Rutland and South Lincolnshire has continued throughout the year. We have put down approximately 300 boreholes representing over 40,000 ft. of drilling. The boring programme is practically complete and the area explored is now being assessed. As previously stated this exploration is being carried out at the request of the Iron and Steel Board to whom a full report will be presented during 1960.

(b) Blast Furnaces

Pig iron production from the blast furnaces at Corby, Bilston and Wellingboro' rose some 8% above the previous year's output. This was in line with the increased activity in the steelmaking plants and rolling mills.

At Corby, the four blast furnaces were in commission throughout the year except for a few weeks, while one furnace was being relined. Operation of the new sinter plant, to which I referred last year, improved steadily throughout the year with important benefits to blast furnace production. Consideration is being given to the possible installation of a further sinter plant. Development of the Coke Oven Plant is proceeding and the new battery of ovens and ancillaries are due to come into operation in the middle of 1961.

At Bilston, iron output had increased to 80% of full capacity by the end of the year. Only one of the two furnaces at Wellingboro', however, was in blast.

At Stanton, the new ore preparation plant was commissioned during the year. This enables closer control to be maintained over the qualities of irons produced.

(c) Steel Works and Rolling Mills

The ingot steel production from the Company's Bilston, Corby and Clydesdale Works was 1,414,000 tons—some 90,000 more than in the previous year. This compares with the record production of 1,545,000 tons in the 1957 financial year.

At Corby, the application of oxygen to our Bessemer steelmaking processes has been carried out during the year on a limited scale with augmented external oxygen supplies. It is expected that there will be a greatly increased application of oxygen to steelmaking during the present year. The contractors who are building our tonnage oxygen plant have expended much effort in overcoming some technical faults and the equipment has been tested up to normal oxygen production levels. Indications are that tonnage oxygen will be available as required early this year.

We are now proceeding with the modernisation and extension of the 32" mill and the 24" continuous mill which completes the second stage of the rolling mill programme I referred to last year.

At Bilston, further improvements to the open hearth plant have been effected. Four existing tilting furnaces have been converted to the fixed type, and with oil-firing have given greatly improved performance and outputs. The new all-basic fixed furnace referred to last year has operated well and has confirmed the efficiency of the new design. Contracts have been placed for two additional new all-basic furnaces which are programmed to be in production by the middle of 1960.

The new rolling mill plant referred to last year comprising a 40" blooming and 2-stand 32" reversing bar mill commenced operations in the summer.

It is expected that the operation of our steelmaking plants, heavy rolling mills and strip mills will continue at a high level during 1960.

Looking to the longer term future consideration is being given to the further expansion in progressive stages of our primary iron and steelmaking capacity.

(d) Tube Works

The new Extrusion Plant at our Prothero Works, Wednesbury, for the manufacture of small diameter seamless tubes was brought into operation last July. This will be a useful addition to our range of modern tubemaking processes.

Progress is being made with the installation of the Electric Resistance Weld Plant at Shotton, for the manufacture of steel tubes up to 16" diameter. In view of the continued low demand from the Oil Companies, we retarded the rate of spending on this plant, and the scheme is now scheduled for completion towards the end of this year.

The plant and equipment for the manufacture of Extreme Line Casing, Special Casing Joints, and Drill Pipe at Clydesdale Works, is well advanced and operations are planned to commence in a few months.

During the past year, we established a Pipework Engineering Division for the control and manufacture of all forms of high and low pressure pipework. This is an important trade and a separate organisation was considered essential to meet the demand and provide the necessary services associated with this class of work. I am confident that our customers for pipework will benefit from this step.

(e) Stanton Pipe Plant and Foundries

At Stanton, plant is now in operation which extends the size range of spun iron pipes to 48" diameter.

Development work for the manufacture of spun pipes and castings in ductile iron is now well advanced.

Overseas Companies

South Africa and Central African Federation

The turnover of the Stewarts and Lloyds of South Africa Group during the year under review was £14.2 million as compared with £13.6 million in the previous year.

During the early part of the financial year the Vereeniging Tube Works was affected by the recession in general trade to which I referred last year. However, during the second half of the year the tube order book improved and production was higher during the year under review than in the previous year.

The tubular structures department at Vereeniging was likewise affected in the early part of the year but the position improved during the latter half and this department now has a healthy order book for the beginning of the current year.

There is no visible improvement in conditions in the Central African Federation. The trade recession which occurred there some eighteen months ago continued until the spring of this year when demand increased slightly but competition at the same time became very severe. Production at the Que Que Works of the South African Company's subsidiary has still been much curtailed with the result that this Works failed to make a profit.

Australia

The Tubemakers of Australia Limited Group of Companies had another successful year. Production, despatches and profits were all rather higher than in the previous year. Steel used in tube-making amounted to 295,000 tons and despatches of finished products to £A.37,000,000. Despatches for export expanded and represented 14% of the total despatches.

In line with the increase in the price of wool, the general level of prosperity in Australia improved. The new financial year has made a promising start.

New Zealand

The New Zealand Company has had another year of profitable trading. An increased tonnage of steel products was handled. Owing to lower prices, however, turnover in terms of value was approximately the same as in the previous year. Some relaxation has been made on import licences for 1960 and this should result in freer trading. The demand for steel products is being well maintained.

India

The Indian Tube Company (1953) Limited

As expected, there was an increase in despatches of tubes made on the Continuous Weld Plant to a figure of 65,000 tons, an increase of 31% over the previous year.

Following an improvement in the supply of hot rolled strip production of cold rolled strip and Electric Resistance Weld tubes improved considerably.

The Seamless Tube Plant and the Pole Plant went into production during the year.

Demand for the Company's products continues to increase.

Stewarts and Lloyds of India, Private Limited

This Company is entirely concerned with the fabrication and erection of pressure pipework and structures and total despatches showed a moderate increase over those of the previous year.

The order book is satisfactory, negotiations for several large pipe-work contracts are in hand and the demand for tubular structures continues to increase.

Canada

Our Canadian trading Companies have had another successful year. There has been increased competition in Canada from Japanese and other European makers which has resulted in slightly reduced prices. Nevertheless total sales have, in general, been maintained.

Ireland

The Irish Company had a good trading year with an increased turnover.

The Irish Government's efforts to encourage industrialisation in the Republic have led to an increased demand for fabricated products. An extension to our facilities for dealing with this trade is in hand.

The Board

Mr. N. C. Macdiarmid, who is Managing Director of The Stanton Ironworks Company, Limited, has been appointed to the Board.

Employees

It becomes increasingly difficult to pay adequate tribute to the work of the Company's employees. Last year, unfortunately, I had to report that some employees had been laid off and that others were on short-time working. I am very happy to report, this year, that the order book position is providing fuller employment.

One hundred years have now elapsed since the original Stewarts business and Lloyds business started independently operating in Scotland and England. There are many men serving the Company to-day whose ancestors, four or five generations ago, were employed in those early days.

As a Company we pride ourselves very much on the long-service tradition of our employees, and much of our success has been due to the loyalty and skill of our people over these 100 years.

There is no evidence at all to suggest that this spirit is not still maintained in the very much enlarged group of which we are now composed; but, as I have always maintained, this most important attribute would certainly wither under the cold hand of State-ownership.

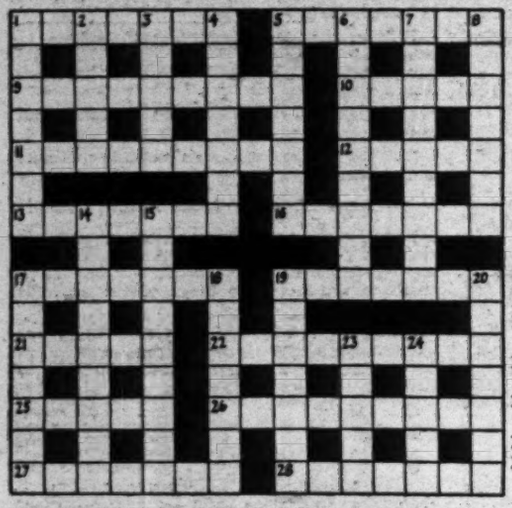
The Directors of the Company feel sure that they have the support of Shareholders in thanking all employees for the notable part which they have played through these years, and which they are continuing to play in the expansion of the Company in all its activities.

Nationalisation

The decision of the electorate on 8 October has removed the threat of nationalisation from the Steel Industry, at any rate for the time being. I propose to refer to this matter more fully in my address at the Annual General Meeting.

Week-end Crossword 389

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 389, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 3 Feb.



ACROSS

1. Restore through a miracle in conversion (7).
5. Predicaments of fellows who are monkeys? (7).
9. The outsider starts to rule among the enemy (9).
10. 'With mirth in funeral and with —— in marriage' (*Hamlet*) (5).
11. The youngster lost his head in a game for a League team (9).
12. Perfume for the start of a love affair (5).
13. The grass around me was full of insects (7).
16. Bad habit with affinity in bad atmosphere (7).
17. Girl following most of the crowd in prayer (7).
19. Garment for a bird embracing a fool (7).
21. Island to prevent soldiers from entering (5).
22. Union weapons for babies (9).
25. Town sick at heart (5).
26. Vessels turn back with annoyance for port (9).
27. Drawbacks by a Dickens character (7).
28. In the side at an age in the fifties (7).

DOWN

1. Does not allow practice among games officials (7).
2. Island in the Pacific or further away still (5).
3. Simian good in a tree (5).
4. Animal and mineral or vegetable (7).
5. Confused stories made into a logical method (7).
6. Radio star made heaters (9).
7. If not poor perhaps this is an Italian resort (9).
8. An explosion under a woman in the building (7).
14. Country which *inter alia* gives us a rising cultural activity (9).
15. They are deadly to men but tidier in some women (9).
17. The batsman is around short leg and moves awkwardly (7).
18. Pardon for a woman without a home (7).
19. Dog with a tail cut short (7).
20. Bird featuring in the darkest religious rites (7).
23. 'Though last, not —— in love' (*J. Caesar*) (5).
24. Containing hydrogen the river would be nearer (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 387

T	E	S	T	T	U	B	E		S	C	R	E	A	M
Y		T		I		A			R		X		A	
P	R	A	C	T	I	C	E		T	A	V	E	R	N
I		R		A		K			M		C		I	
S	E	V	E	N	T	H		H	O	M	E	R	I	C
T		E		I		A		I		E		A		U
		C	O	N	S	P	I	R	A	T	O	R		
A		B				D		P				E		E
S	H	U	T	T	L	E	C	O	C	K				
P		N		O		R		C		R		S		F
E	N	G	I	N	E	S		R	O	I	S	T	E	R
R		A		S				A		S		O		A
G	A	L	L	U	P		E	T	C	H	I	N	G	S
E		O		R				E		N		E		E
S	A	W	Y	E	R		I	S	L	A	N	D	E	R

PRIZEWINNERS TO *No.* 387

L. A. Budd (Farnborough)
Peter A. Tilley (Christchurch)
E. R. Dunn (Ealing, W5)

PERSONAL

INVALID writer reqs sympathetic housekeeper, daily or live-in, large warm flat South London. Box 1805.

WOMAN 32, undergrad., sks another view sharing flat/buying hse. Box 1696.

GRAMMAR School teacher (lady) requires flat, Kensington area, where own piano acceptable. Box 1655.

OWNERS Country Hotel (elderly resids.) req. Resid. Woman Assistant. Full-/part-time duties. Exp. necess. for occas. nursing. Comf. bed-sitting room, full brd. Sal. by arr. Copford Place, Colchester.

JOURNALIST - Photographer - Research Worker, ex-intelligence officer, requires additional employment. Box 1695.

FLATLET s/c., furn. Person exchanging excel. German for lit. Eng. &/or Fr. pref. Typing asset. Also avlbl, use studio, piano, tapercdr, typewrtr, Eng./Fr. writer's libr., facils exams (MA) & peace for readg, writing, music, drama. Box 1790.

ORANGE-Garden overlkg Mediterranean, 1-rmd summer houses, sleep 2-4. Fully equipped, water, gas, elec.; sprg mattresses. From 6 gns p.w. incl. car park. Quiet, countrified, 1 mile beach. Sommaruga, Pertuades, Golfe-Juan, France, AM.

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

PIANO. Chappell upright, very good tone & condition, £45. KINgston 7215.

VACANCIES for drama students in evening classes. No experience required. Term commences January, 1960. For further details: Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill Road, N8. MOU. 5885.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Tce, Cambridge 4633.

50 to 1,500 books from MS at low cost by print-like IBM typing; all binding styles. Broadacre Books, Morley St, Bradford 7.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? ask Phon. Alph. Assn, 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

POTTERY and Sculpture Group welcome new friends. 'Chris', 36 Canonbury Square, N1.

BRAHMS Week-end: 5-8 Feb. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Teachers Sensory Nexus', 12-15 'St Valentine Party' & 'Basketry'. Send p.c. for 1960 list.

STORIES and articles required for American journals. Donald N. Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Ireland.

WRITE To Sell—once you Know-How! No Sales—No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Profit also from The Writer—free. Send for Free N1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. RA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, W1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th., Leicester Sq, WC2.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8. (WES. 0989). & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1. (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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ALL I want is a room in Bloomsbury, separate kitchenette prefd. Box 1791.

NEWCOMER to London. Widow, middle-aged, reliable tenant (Govt. office, English salary), seeks s/c inexpensive flatlet, central heating, SW1, SW5, max. £5 p.w., end of January; share if congenial. FRE. 0954, c/o Miss Bark, evgs.

WTD lease v cheap cott/flat on River. Kew/Chiswick/Mortlake. Box 1750.

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PART-Furn. flat, 3 rms. kit. b/rm, WC, W4 area. 5 gns. Box 1604.

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DON'T miss this year's chance to rent harbour cottage in Polruan-by-Fowey, on South Cornish estuary and coast. Sleeps 6, all found. 8 gns. April to 16 gns. August. All electric. Box 1699.

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FRENSHAM Heights, Farnham, Surrey (Co-educational Boarding School). £200 per annum available for two scholarships (one may be for music) to be awarded to boys or girls aged 11-13½ years on 1 September 1960. Examination in March. Details from the Headmaster.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS

The London County Council requires suitably qualified persons for a number of positions of child welfare officer for area children's office at Kings Cross (subject to Council's general right to transfer staff to other areas), to deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area for reception purposes covers HAMPSTEAD, PADDINGTON, ST MARYLEBONE, WESTMINSTER and ST PANCRAS, but children under supervision are placed in establishments outside London and foster homes in central Middlesex, Bucks. and Northants. Considerable amount of travelling involved and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Previous experience in child care or allied social work necessary. Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qual. an advantage. Students completing social studies courses invited to apply pending examination results. £665-£965, commencing according to qual. and exp. Promotion opportunities to Senior Child Welfare Officer £850-£1,185. Application form (returnable by 1 February 1960) and details from:

Children's Officer (CH/E1/4),

LCC, County Hall, SE1.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer. Salary in accordance with APT Grade I (£615-£765), commencing at not less than £670, with additional increment of £30 if Home Office Certificate is held.

Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 1 February 1960.

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

Applications are invited from women graduates for the full-time post of WARDEN of a Hall of Residence for 150 women students. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, on present scale £1,000 by annual increments of £50 to £1,350 a year, plus accommodation and board, and membership of FSSU.

Further particulars obtainable from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by Sat., 6 February.

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES

need

WOMAN SOCIAL WORKER preferably with Social Science Diploma for work with children in the Middlesex area. Candidates C. of E. or Free Church, should have experience in Family Case Work, Boarding Out and Girls' Aftercare. Current driving licence an advantage. Write giving details of qualifications, age and experience to: Miss Scott, 18 Stepney Causeway, London, E1.

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

WARDEN-LEADER

Warden-Leader required for Wellington Youth Centre. A substantial building houses a Youth Club and a centre for specialised youth activities for East Shropshire. Appropriate qualifications and experience desirable but personal qualities, initiative and power to lead young people count most. Salary scale £545 × £27 10s. – £900. Superannuable post. Application forms and further particulars returnable by 8 February from the undersigned.

H. MARTIN WILSON,
SECRETARY FOR EDUCATION,
County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

COUNTY OF BUCKINGHAM

Appointment of Probation Officer.

Applications are invited for the appointment of a whole-time female Probation Officer. The appointment and salary will be in accordance with the Probation Rules, and subject to medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, and experience, together with the names, addresses and descriptions of two referees, must reach me by 1 February 1960. R. E. Millard, Secretary to the Combined Probation Committee, County Hall, Aylesbury.

THE GLACIER METAL COMPANY LIMITED

Invites Applications for the post of PATENTS OFFICER (FEMALE)

This is a new post which has been recently created in the Company's Licensing Organisation. The person appointed will be concerned with all procedures surrounding the application and follow up of patent applications and the maintenance and servicing of granted patents. The work involves direct contact with Patent Agents, the scanning of patent journals and other technical literature and abstracting, filing and discussion of relevant information. She will be directly responsible to the Licensing Manager.

Applicants should preferably have a degree or equivalent in one of the natural sciences and some experience of work in an engineering company would be useful. Also useful, though not essential, would be a knowledge of French and German. Since continuity is such an important feature of this job a person is sought who would be prepared to make it a long term career. STARTING SALARY £850 to £1,200 per annum with prospects of further advance.

Applications should be sent to the Personnel Divisional Manager, Glacier Metal Co. Ltd, Ealing Road, Alperton, Wembley, Middlesex. (Ref. PAT).

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seeks Soaring Secretaries for Elevated Pinnacles. Young eagles trying their wings, and captive birds allowed only occasional flights, are also very welcome.

The St Stephen's Secretariat,
3 Lincoln's Inn Fields,
WC2. CHA. 8217.

BBC invites applications for part-time service as Television Newsreader in Manchester. Qualifications: Good general education; some knowledge of French and German; clear speaking voice; presentable appearance; interest in current affairs and North country activities. Successful candidate must be available at Broadcasting House, Manchester, from 4.30 p.m. to 7 p.m. as required on a rota system Monday-Friday inclusive. Requests for application forms should be addressed to Head of Presentation Department, BBC, Broadcasting House, Piccadilly, Manchester, 1, within seven days.

BBC requires applications for a Reserve List to provide for future vacancies as Persian Monitor, based at Caversham, near Reading. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Persian, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095-£1,370 when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.20. N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts at the grade of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Economics and Social Studies. Candidates for one of the posts should have special interests in Banking and Monetary Institutions. Salary scales as follows: Assistant Lecturer £700 x £50 to £850 per annum; Lecturer £900-£1,650 per annum. Initial salary at the grade of Lecturer according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent by 20 February 1960 to Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SENIOR Principal Scientific Officer: Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Pensionable post in Applied Physics Division, National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, Middlesex, for man or woman to take charge of Radiology Section. Present work of the Section includes research on radioactive standards; standardization of X-ray dosage, from low to high energies; a radiocarbon dating service; measurement of neutron sources and fluxes. Qualifications: normally 1st or 2nd class honours degree or high professional attainment, preferably with experience in nuclear physics or nuclear chemistry. Candidates must have shown originality and leadership in the prosecution and organisation of research and have some reputation in a relevant field. An interest in precise measurements is desirable. Salary scale (men) £2,400-£2,700. Starting pay may be above minimum. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S5089/60. Closing date 3 March, 1960.

UNIVERSITY of New England. Associate Professor of Mathematical Statistics. Applications are invited for the abovementioned position in the Department of Mathematics. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,850 per annum. In addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 12 March, 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Vocational Guidance Officer (male) required initially at Central Education Office Westminster. Duties connected with advisory work for older school leavers. Good education essential, experience in similar work or in teaching older pupils desirable. Salary APT. I £610-£765 per annum plus London Weighting up to £30 p.a. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 1 Feb., prescribed conditions. (Quote B.810 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council. Child Care Officers reqd as Special Family Workers. They will concentrate on work with families, to help children in care to return home and to prevent other children from coming into care. Applicants should be qualified and experienced in family case work. Salary APT II £765-£880 plus L.W. up to £30 p.a. Application form (s.a. f'scap e.) from Children's Officer, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1, returnable by 2 Feb. Prescribed conditions. (Quote B.714 N.S.).

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from men for appointment as Child Care Officer, salary scale APT II, £765-£880. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with special experience in the child care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees should be sent not later than 1 February, 1960, to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

BRENTWOOD Recuperative Centre for mothers and children, at Marple, Cheshire, requires a Deputy Warden. Brentwood is a residential centre for mothers in need of care and training where they bring with them their young children. It aims to improve the health of the mothers and children and to train mothers in home management and child care. Applicants should preferably have a social study qualification and some experience. For further information, please write giving brief particulars of qualifications and experience to The General Secretary, Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester 14.

CAPABLE woman required to teach handcrafts in Home for Blind, Westgate, Kent. 5-day week, experience with blind not essential. Salary according to experience. Apply, with fully particulars of previous experience, to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St, London, W1.

CENTRAL ELECTRICITY GENERATING BOARD

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian, to take charge of the Library at the Board's Research Laboratories, at Leatherhead, Surrey. The successful applicant will be required to take over an existing Library service, and to expand this service to meet the increasing needs of the Laboratories. This will involve the detailed planning of new accommodation, the establishment of a classified catalogue of information, answering bibliographical enquiries, and responsibility to the Laboratory Secretary for the efficient administration of the Library. The Librarian is responsible for the ordering of all stock, and the development and maintenance of recording systems, including main catalogues.

Candidates should have had experience in a special library, preferably serving a research organisation, and should possess a degree or a recognised qualification in librarianship.

Salary within the scale £980 - £1,055 per annum.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary, to the Personnel Officer, 24/30, Holborn, London, EC1, by 8 February. Envelopes should be marked 'Confidential Ref. NSN/9'.

DUNCROFT, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Under the Management of the National Association for Mental Health). Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Headmistress at the above Approved School, which accepts senior girls of good intelligence who can benefit from psychiatric treatment. The successful candidate should be well qualified and experienced in working with adolescents and in sympathy with the aims and methods of the School. She will be required to share the administration of the School with the Headmistress, and to take charge in her absence. Salary according to experience and qualifications plus special responsibility allowance of £130 with a deduction of £135 per annum for board and lodging. Application forms from the Correspondent, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker or Social Worker, preferably with experience of children and mental deficiency practice, required for Fountain and Queen Mary's Hospitals and the ancillary units (800 beds). Clerical assistance provided. Salary scale for qualified PSW at age 27–£610 p.a. rising to £845 plus London weighting. Applications with full particulars of training and experience and names and addresses of two referees to Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

ADMINISTRATIVE/Editorial Assistant required primarily for Editorial work on 'The Hospital'. University degree and/or previous editorial experience an advantage. Commencing salary not less than £650 rising on scale to £815 less superannuation contribution. Apply in writing with names of three referees to the Secretary, Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W1.

THE Co-operative Party invites applications for post of National Organiser. Knowledge of Co-operative and political organisation essential. Commencing salary £950 per annum. Superannuation. Application forms, to be returned not later than 9 February, 1960, can be obtained from Secretary, The Co-operative Party, 54 Victoria Street, London, SW1.

SOCIAL Research Group require (1) Secretary for responsible work. High speeds necessary. Salary £520–£620 approx. per annum according to qualifications. (2) Assistant for statistical work. Salary £520 per annum. Please write for both positions to Mrs Glass, University College London, Gower Street, WC1.

AN ADVISER reqd to deal with readers' problems on National newspaper. Knowl. income tax & sound commonsense reqd. No Sats & good salary. Box 1715.

WOULD any woman needing a home care to help partially disabled mother with care two small children, 2½ yrs and 6 months? – large house Hampstead with good garden. Car-driver preferred, age unimportant but must have unworried, self-sufficient disposition. Would consider one child if girl between 1 & 3. Please write Mrs David Holt, 2 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing, NW London, reqs (a) TV sales & service engineer. (b) Electrician. (c) Trainee. Driving experience essential. Good prospects for keen capable men. State age & details of career. Box 1672.

CHEMISTRY. Grad. woman tutor rqd Feb. Part-/full-time work. Box 1319.

MANAGING Director of publishing house reqs Secretary, 25-35, pref. graduate, good languages, fast shorthand-typg, able work on own initiative. Box 1729.

SECRETARY required for senior position in busy architects' office; initiative and some administrative experience essential. Please write Box 1599.

SHORTHAND-Typist capable of running small publishing office. High salary to suitable person. Write fully Box 1687.

SEC. S/T., 22-26, with initiative for editor of news-letter. Sal. £11. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SHORTHAND-Typist wanted by Jewish Publishing Company. Good references required. Write Box 1714.

P.A. Secretary Sh./T. to Director General of Association, WC2. 5 day week. Interesting confidential post. £12. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SECRETARY reqd for well estab. importer of wine/delicatessen. GER. 6791.

INTELLIGENT young woman required for Editorial department of London publishers; shorthand typing essential, University degree and editorial experience an advantage. Box 1801.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall, who is the luckiest of them all – the girl with a job from the Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn (next Gamages). HOL. 0390.

INVOICE typist reqd for West End importer of wine & delicatessen. GER. 6791.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPD secy, fluent French, own typewriter, avail. part-time. PARk 7095.

WOMAN-Painter, good appearance, aks interesting employment, preferably in connection with Art. Some typing. Please write Box 1658.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ACCOUNTANT, unqual., unemployed as result of Harrington sks wk. Box 1731.

YOUNG man, 24, grammar school education, seeks post in London. Anything considered. Box 1505.

EXPERIENCED Secretary with organising ability, used to writing own letters (no shorthand), seeks interesting post, pref in field of social or political work. Top salary not prime consideration. Box 1771.

MARRIED woman (26), fluent Spanish sks part-time work London. Pref. non-secretarial. Box 1671.

LECTURE COURSES etc.—cont fm p. 136

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on 'Government' will be delivered at 5 p.m. on 26 January, 3 and 12 February at University College (Eugenics Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. 26 January—'The Political Element in the Legislative Process', by Professor S. E. Finer (North Staffordshire); 3 February—'Judicial Decisions in the Political Context' by Professor W. Harrison (Liverpool); 12 February—'Law and Procedure in Administration' by Professor W. J. M. Mackenzie (Manchester). Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete French Course (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses. Send for prospectus. French Conversation classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes, private lessons. Beginners to Advanced, all with French teachers. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRAfalgar 2044.

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TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees/Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GCE Courses in English, Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time. Day/Eve. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

FOREIGN Students made welcome at English classes. Small groups. Beginners, L. Certificate, Proficiency. Really individual attn. Mod. prices. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

SHORTHND/Typg priv tuit, Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT 3324.

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EASTER Course at the University of Bonn, Western Germany. Dates: 28 March to 14 April 1960. Subjects: German Language and Literature. Fees: DM 180; Board and lodging ca. DM 200. Applics: Akademisches Auslandsamt, Bonn, Koblenzerstrasse 34.

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PS. Harold Ingham invites you to turn to page 110 for news of his programme of 'Summer Schools Abroad and Music Festivals'. New Statesmen, Old Spectators, Top People, and Daily Workers—all will receive information to their advantage.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

LONDON/Rome 19 Feb. return 4 March, seats in Dormobile £20 return. De Wend-Fenton, Flat 1, 15 Chelsea Embankment, SW3. FLA 7168 between 3 & 4 p.m.

'SUNSPRAY' beaut. yacht sleep 4/5, v low charter rates Cannes. Box 1485.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Rationalist Annual 1960. Contents: J. B. S. Haldane, 'On Expecting the Unexpected'; Glanville Williams, 'Crime and Moral Wrongdoing'; Antony Flew, 'Is Pascal's Wager the only Safe Bet?'; J. Bronowski, 'The Values of Science'; P. M. Jackson, 'The Religion of Advertising'; E. H. Hutton, 'What is the Mind-Body Problem?'; Lord Chorley, 'The Humanist Approach to Social Problems'; S. Chandrasekhar, 'Is India a Nation?'; D. J. Johnston, 'Education in the USSR'; Clifford Allen, 'Advances in Psychiatry'; F. H. George, 'Philosophy and the Common Man'. Cloth 7s. 6d., paper 5s., from all booksellers or Watts & Co, 40 Drury Lane, London, WC2.

WHICH? is published by the Consumers' Association and reports factually and frankly each month on goods and services. Annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

EDUCATION. Starting today: a new series of controversial articles—'Strictly Personal'—by Frank Norman, Colin Wilson, Christopher Logue, Kingsley Amis, Stephen Spender, Marghanita Laski, and Raymond Williams. Education. 6d. weekly. From the publishers, 10 Queen Anne St, W1, or through your newsagent.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps., jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

FOREIGN fiction. German, French, Italian, Spanish, etc. Monthly lists fr. Dept NS, TABS Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Hickford, 22 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

SCHOOLS

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship. Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., obtainable from Sec., Wynstones School, Waddon, Glos.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

LLYN Peninsula, designated area of outstanding natural beauty. Mountains, country, sea. Full board accommodation offered in comfortable farmhouse; all mod. conss.; fresh foods well cooked. Nicely situated; choice of many lovely beaches. Send for details. Box 670.

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FARM Holidays—1960 Farm Holiday Guide covering Britain's Best Farm & Country Guest Houses, County by County; 1,200 reviews, 250 pictures. 3s. 6d., postage 7d. Farm Guides Ltd, Dept NN, 18 High St, Paisley.

SUSSEX. Lamb Hse, Chapel Hill, Lewes, 1773. Delightful rms, brkfst, Din. opt.

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COVENT GARDEN OPERA

25 Jan. at 7.30 — The Tales of Hoffmann
27 & 30 Jan. at 7.30 — La Traviata
29 Jan. at 7.30 — Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci

THE ROYAL BALLET

26 Jan. at 7.30 — Ondine
28 Jan. at 7.30 & 30 Jan. at 2.15 — La Fille Mal Gardee & Facade

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
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Evenings 7.30

26 & 28 Jan. — Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
27 Jan. — Duke Blue Beard's Castle, Oedipus Rex
29 Jan. — The Flying Dutchman
30 Jan. — The Marriage of Figaro

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0. Th. Sat. 5.0. 'A Moon for the Misbegotten'. Mems.

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 'Witty and naughty'. Mems.

NEW Drama presents 'I am a Camera' by J. van Druten at Church House, Southgate, N14, on 29 & 30 January at 7.30 p.m. Tickets – LAB. 6939.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Lst wk. 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'One Way Pendulum'. Com. 27 Jan. 'The Lily White Boys'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be'.

UNITY. EUS 5391. 'Bloomsday', from Joyce's Ulysses. 'Outstanding success', Observer. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

MOZART Concert. St Pancras Town Hall (opp. St Pancras Station). Tuesday 26 Jan. at 8. Piano Concerto in C major K.V. 503; Piano Concerto in B major K.V. 595; Adagio & Fugue for Strings K.V. 546; Symphony No. 40 in G minor K.V. 550. Soloist: Otto Freudenthal. Conductor: Hans Ucko. Goldsbrough Orchestra. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from St Pancras Town Hall (TER. 7070).

FRIDAY, 29 Jan., at 8 p.m., at Morley College. Handel: 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Pensieroso'. Ilse Wolf, Gerald English, John Shirley Quirk. Morley College Choir and Chamber Orch. (cond. John Carewe). Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Morley College Concerts Society, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1.

VIOLIN & Piano Sonata Recital by Rosemary Rapaport & Else Cross, in aid of The Gerard Heller Memorial Quartet Fund. Chenil Gallery, SW3. Sat. 30 Jan., 7.30 p.m. Busoni, Beethoven, Don Banks, Weber. Tkts: 10s., 7s., 4s. at Hall on night or from Miss Drew, 5 Dunsany Rd, W14.

SUNDAY, 24 Jan., 8.15 p.m. London Musical Club, 21 Holland Pk, W11. Mussorgsky, Nielsen, Saint-Saens, Brahms, Joyce Young (mezzo), Douglas Heffer (oboe), Janet Kirkland (piano). Adm. 3s. 6d. Members 2s.

GENERATION Music by Cage, Cardew, Feldman, Schoenberg, will be played by pianists John Tilbury and Cornelius Cardew. You are the music while the music lasts. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 27 Jan., 8 p.m. Tickets 5s., 7s. 6d. at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

Current Programme: (1) Lecture-Recitals at School of Oriental Studies, Senate House, WC1. Tuesdays fortnightly. First lecture: on 26 Jan. at 7.30. Folk Dances of India by Dr A. Bake. (2) Dance-Recitals by RAM GOPAL and Company at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W1. 19 and 20 Feb. at 7.30 p.m. (3) CLASSES in Indian Dance by RAM GOPAL – also in Sitar, Veena, Tabla, Singing and Kandyan dances – at 248 Earls Court Road, SW5. Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. and Saturday 3-5 p.m. starting 30 Jan. Inf. re. Memb. etc. from Dir., 18 Fitzalan Road, N3. FIN. 2934.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Japanese Film Season. Until 24 Jan: 'Throne of Blood' (A). From 25 Jan: Grand Prix, Venice 1958: 'The Rickshaw Man' (U).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

STATE Cinema, High Rd, Leytonstone, E11. (LEY. 3523). 'Holiday on Sylt' & 'General Speidel'. Retained until 30 Jan. Wkdays from 2 p.m. Suns from 4 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, Today Sat. 23 Jan. 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

JAMES Ward. Arts Council exhibition Tate Gallery. Till 31 Jan. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

WATERCOLOURS from Whitworth Gallery, Manchester University, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square. Till 6 Feb. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sculpture: Theo Crosby. Objects: Peter Blake. Libraries: John Latham. Until 30 Jan. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the thirteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 2 March 1960. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art Dept, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1. Paintings Jardine & Tilson.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Rodrigo Moynihan 'Drawings of France'; Ten Younger English Painters. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 12 Feb.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

PRINTED Plumage: Contemporary lithographs, etchings etc., of Birds at St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Until 30 Jan.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New pntgs Alistair Grant. Till 29 Jan.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E2. Exhibition of paintings by John Bowles. Until 10 February 1960.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Joao Artur, painting and sculpture. Robert White, paintings. Until 6 Feb. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries: paintings Minna Citron, 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, High St, E1. 'Pictures for Schools' Exhibition organised by the Society for Education Through Art. Till 31 Jan. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6. (Closed Mons.). Adm. free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Drian Artists Exhibition 1960. Till 31 Jan. 10-6.

LEICESTER Galleries. Annual New Year Exhibition, Leicester Square, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Closing 28 Jan.

COMEDY Gallery, 8, Oxendon St., Leicester Sq., WHI. 8709. Pictures for 1960. Works by Topolski, Souza, Christophorou, etc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LIVE New Departures for a New Decade. A presentation of their own work and that of their contemporaries by poets, actors, musicians, at the ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Monday, 25 January at 8 p.m. New work from Beckett, Brownjohn, Cardew, Corso, Hamburger, Heliczier, Horowitz, Ionesco, McGrath, Mitchell, Pearson, etc. Repeat at Gaberbocchus Common Room, 42a Formosa St, Warwick Ave, W9, Thurs. 28 January, 7.45 p.m.

NLR Principles of Socialism Study Group. The Case Against Capitalism, ii Social & Cultural: Charles Taylor. Sun. 24 Jan., 3 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd, E2. Sir John Wolfenden – 'Can the arts survive in a Technical Age – A challenge to Education'. 26 January, 1960, 7 p.m. (48).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

KENYA – YOUR CONCERN!

Friday, 5 February, 7.30 p.m.

at Conway Hall

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MR OGINGA-ODINGA
(President, Kenya Independence Movement),

JOHN STONEHOUSE, MP.

Entrance 2s. at the door.

Organised by The Movement for Colonial Freedom and The Committee of African Organisations.

The New Jewish Society presents
THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD
a series of meetings.

1. THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN VALUES — The Rev. Marcus Knight, Canon of St Paul's Cathedral. Wed. 27 Jan. at 8.
2. THE FUTURE OF JEWISH VALUES — Rabbi Kopul Rosen, Principal of Carmel College. Wed. 3 Feb. at 8.
3. THE ARCHITECTURE OF TOMORROW — Graham Shankland, ARIBA, AMTPI. Wed. 17 Feb. at 8.
4. THE FUTURE OF PLENTY — Professor J. D. Bernal, FRS. Wed. 9 March at 8.30.
5. THE NEW THEATRE — Bernard Kops. Wed. 23 March at 8.

The meeting on 3 Feb. is in the Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker St, W1. All the other meetings are in the Edith Kemsley Room, 83 Chiltern St, W1.

London New Left Review Club
SPECIAL MEETING ON KENYA:
TOM MBOYA
The Marquee, Academy Cinema, Oxford St, W1.
7.30 for 8, Mon. 25 January.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 26 Jan. 'Radioactivity in the Earth's Crust' by Dr R. W. R. Rutland; 28 Jan. 'Bay City Cops; the writings of Raymond Chandler' by Mr K. J. Palmer.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Time in Economic Theory' will be delivered by Mrs J. V. Robinson (Cambridge) at 5 p.m. on 28 January at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'SCIENCE and Society in China'. Mon. 25 Jan. 7.30. Friends House. 2s. Prof. J. D. Bernal. Chairman: Dr E. H. S. Burhop. Britain-China Friendship Assocn.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. D. R. Vickers, 'Consumer Protection', 27 Jan., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society: Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

CO-OPERATIVE aid in War on Want. Film Show, Fulham Central Library, 598 Fulham Road, 7.30, Tues. 26 Jan. Fulham Co-operative Party.

EDWARD Blishen speaks on 'The Gulf in the Classroom' to British Sociological Association, 13 Endsleigh St, WC1, 8.15 p.m., Thurs. 28 Jan.

REMINDER. Ann. Gen. Meeting Hampstead Brit. China Friendship Ass'n. 27 College Crescent, NW3. Sat., 23 Jan., 7.30 p.m. Films. Supper.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 24 Jan. Vadakkan V. Alexander, BA, 'Conflict of ideas and ideas in S. India and Ceylon'. Write free 'Monthly Record' Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture Wed. 27 Jan., 6.30: 'Buddhism in Japan'. Dr Carmen Blacker. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq, WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 26 Jan. David Tribe, 'Ethics and Education'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 24 Jan, 6.30 Music & Rdgs, 7 p.m. 'Humanism and Organized Christianity'; F. H. Amphlett Micklewright.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs. 28 Jan. 'The Nature of Animals'. Admission free.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'CONQUEST of Space', in English, the Lecture of the Year, by Professor Alla Masevich (Vice-President of Astronomical Council of the USSR Academy of Sciences Moscow). Presented by The Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR. Intro by Patrick Moore, FRAS. Illustrated by a special film of Soviet Sputniks and Space Rockets. Royal Festival Hall, Sat., 6 Feb. at 2.30 p.m. Tickets 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Box Office (WAT 3191) and usual Agents. Also at Town Hall, Birmingham, Mon. 8 Feb., 7.30; 12s. 6d., 10s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Central 2392): Colston Hall, Bristol, Tues., 9 Feb., 7.30; 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Bristol 21768 & 23885); Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Fri., 12 Feb., 7 p.m.; 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Blackfriars 3281). Reductions for school parties.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. John Christopher Jones: 'Information and Methods in the Industrial Arts', Tues. 26 January, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d. Jazz. Vic Bellerby: 'Favourite EP's', Benny Green: 'Record highlights of 1959', Wed. 27 January, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d. Architecture. Sir William Holford: 'Brasilia', Chairman: Roland Penrose. Thurs. 28 January, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 22 Jan. 8 p.m. Informal evening with filmed journey to Russia by Matthew Watson. Fri. 29 Jan. 8 p.m. Prof. N. Gorodetsky: 'Chekhov the Writer' (100th anniv. of A. P. Chekhov). Sunday 31 Jan. 3 p.m. precisely at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq, W1. (Warren St Stn) Films: 'The House I Live In', 'Visit of N. S. Krushchev to America'. Seats to be reserved. Sunday 7 Feb. 3 p.m. at Vanbrugh Theatre, Malet St, WC1, in assoc. with RADA, Chekhov Centenary: Peter Daubeny, Chairman, A. Surkov (President USSR-Gt Britain Assn, Moscow), W. Gerhardi, RADA finalists dir. by John Fernald, Marie Rambert, Paul Scofield. By reservation only from Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

HISTORY and the World Today. Series of Sunday night lectures. 1. 'The Dilemma of the Labour Party'. Speaker: C. May. 7.30 p.m. 24 Jan. Central Club Socy Hall, 127 Clerkenwell Rd, EC1. (Gray's Inn Rd end). Socialist Party of Great Britain.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. Dostoevsky's The Possessed. 8 p.m. 28 January. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

DONALD Hill, the American poet will read from his own and other works at the American Library, 41 Grosvenor Square, London, W1, on 26 January, at 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

COLLET'S Talks. Dr. Joseph Needham FRS on 'The Social & Philosophical Background to Costemporary China'. Friday 22 Jan., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1. 2s. Collet's, 66 Charing X Rd, WC2.

REV. Marcus Knight, Canon of St Paul's, speaks on 'The World's Future', New Jewish Society, New Chiltern Rooms, 83 Chiltern St, W1, Wed. 27 Jan., 8 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda. Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Thurs. 28 Jan., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Yoga of Wisdom the Easy Way'.

SHAW Society. John S. Collis on 'Reminiscences of Shaw, Yeats, and Others', at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 29 Jan., 7 p.m.; non-mems 2s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 24 Jan. Peace News, 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross. R. Lightowler: 'Pacifism not Passive-ism'.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 29 Jan., 8.30. 'Indonesia', Mr Wairata, of Indonesian Embassy. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public lecture. Free.

IS There a Soul?' Public Lect. 24 Jan., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures entitled 'Zwei Stufen in der Entwicklung Hugo von Hofmannsthals' will be delivered by Professor C. David (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 25 and 27 January and 3 February at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lectures will be delivered in German. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Problems of Indo-European Phonology from a new point of view' will be delivered by Professor V. Pisani (Milan) at 5.30 p.m. on 1, 2 & 4 February at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admi. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont on p. 135

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd, High Wycombe & London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d., Foreign 3½d., Canada 1d.